

Poems Past and Present

1946 EDITION

SHIT HEAD PINE

HAROLD DEW

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POEMS PAST AND PRESENT

1946 EDITION

EDITED BY

HAROLD DEW

John Oliver High School, Vancouver



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PREFACE

THIS anthology, like several others published in recent years, has been designed for the broad mass of pupils in the lower grades of high school rather than for those expecting to specialize in English at university. It has nevertheless two excuses for being. The first is the pedestrian one that in the province for which it was primarily intended its contents do not overlap those of other anthologies used elsewhere through the High School Course. The second is that it casts its net rather wider than some other anthologies have done, particularly in North American poetry, doubtless bringing up some rather queer fish in the process.

Any anthologist is indebted to the labours of the innumerable anthologists who have gone before him, and a glance at this collection will show that I am no exception. My gratitude to my forerunners is tempered by the realization that they have often picked the brightest flowers before me. A perusal of many volumes of collected works by modern poets has shown that those poems which have adorned so many anthologies have done so for very good reasons. Not every good poem is suitable for a school collection. It is a matter of regret, therefore, that in the case of one poet whom most teachers would expect to see represented and whose collected poems are rich in very suitable and hitherto unanthologized material, it was impossible for reasons of copyright to go beyond those few poems which have been used over and over again. Consequently this author is unrepresented here. Most copyright holders have, however, been very obliging, and with one or two small exceptions this book is much as it was planned.

The poems may seem to appeal to the taste of boys rather than girls; there is certainly very little in this volume which smacks of "genteel accomplishment"; but my experience of modern girls is that their taste in reading is as vigorous as their brothers'—and they are equally fond of a laugh. This

book is well spiced with humour in almost every section besides the one specially devoted to humour, and it is hoped that it will not entirely miss its mark.

The arrangement is according to subject matter, for form means much less than content to young students. There is, nevertheless, plenty of opportunity for the study of form. Many of the poems have needed no annotation, but there are many with a historical background, and many containing references to varied fields of knowledge. I have thought it unwise to take for granted in students any detailed knowledge of what was happening in Edinburgh in 1688, or even in Nebraska in 1848, and all references to history, geography, etc., have been explained, and where it was thought that something in the way of background would help in understanding or appreciating the poem, that background has been given, occasionally at some length. These notes have been put where they are most available, at the end of each poem. It is hoped that the accessibility will compensate for any possible disadvantage in looks.

This anthology will doubtless be studied by many pupils who have little or no guidance from teachers, and at the suggestion of the Central Curriculum Revision Committee of British Columbia, I have included for each section questions which may be of help to such students.

Finally, I would like to thank most heartily those members of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation Committee, who through several sessions of debate decided on the general form this anthology should take, and whose tastes are reflected at many points throughout the book; they are principally Mr. T. H. Adney, Mr. W. S. Ashley, Mr. Enoch Broome, Mr. Lacey Fisher, Miss J. MacDowell, Miss L. Howell of Vancouver, and Miss J. Roberts and a group of teachers in Victoria.

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SECTION I

TALES AND LEGENDS OF
THE OLD WORLD

TAM O' SHANTER:

NOTE: Burns' famous story of Tam o' Shanter's meeting with the witches in Alloway kirkyard is the sort of tale Burns might have heard as a boy. The superstition, the religion, the drinking are characteristic of the Scots peasantry of Burns' day; the humorous observation of life, the easy command of authentic dialect poetry, the consummate narrative power, which make the poem a masterpiece, are characteristic of Burns. The name "Tam o' Shanter" was taken from a neighbouring farmer who lived at the farm of Shanter, and who had a scolding wife and a liking for whiskey. The poem was composed entirely in one day in the open air along the River Nith which ran by Burns' farm at Ellisland. His wife records how Burns' excitement mounted as he composed until he was reciting out very loud, the tears of joy running down his cheeks. Having copied down the poem by the river bank he came into the house and read it triumphantly by the fireside.

TAM O' SHANTER

By ROBERT BURNS

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 An' drouthy neebors neebors meet;
 As market-days are wearin' late,
 An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin' fou an' unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,
 That lie between us an' our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
 Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

10

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men an' bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee well thou wast a skellum,
 A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;

20

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon ! 30
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ; 40
An' at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou' for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
An' aye the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ; 50
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed! 60
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide;—
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; 70
 An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand.
 The deil had business on his hand.

Well mounted on his grey meare, Meg,—
 A better never lifted leg.— 80
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,
 Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet.
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists an' houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the foord,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd; 90
 An' past the birks an' meikle stane,
 Where drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—

Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll; 100
When, glimmerin' thro' the groanin' trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin';
An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin'.—

Inspirin' bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noodle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. 110
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
'Till, by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
An', wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks an' witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels
Put life an' mettle in their heels:
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; 120
A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And (by some dev'lish cantraip slight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able 130
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;

A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
 Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,
 The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious:
 The piper loud an' louder blew,
 The dancers quick an' quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 An' coost her duddies to the wark,
 An' linket at it in her sark! 150

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans
 A' plump an' strappin' in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld an' droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal, 160
 Lowpin' an' flingin' on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench an' walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 An' shook baith meikle corn an bear,
 An' kept the country-side in fear.) 170
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, an' she was vauntie.—

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend Grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r; 180
To sing how Nannie lap an' flang,
(A souple jade she was, an' strang,)
An' how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
An' thought his very een enriched;
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main:
'Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' theigither,
An' roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
An' in an instant a' was dark: 190
An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plunderin' herds assail their byke
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screen an' hollow. 200

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
An' win the key-stane o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! 210
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.

220

chapman billies — merchant fellows.
bousing at the nappy—drinking ale.
fou—full.
unco—very.
slaps—gates.
fand—found.
skellum—noisy reckless fellow.
bletherin—talking idly.
drucken—drunken.
blellum—idle talking fellow.
ilka—each.
melder—corn for the mill, to be ground.
naig—nag.
warlock—wizard.
mirk—dark.
gars—makes.
ingle—fireplace.
reaming swats—brimful frothing drinks.
souter—shoemaker.
dub—small pond or hollow with water.
skelpit—strike the ground; i.e., walk rapidly.
houlet—owl.
bogles—spirits, hobgoblins.
birks—birches.
smoored—smothered.

whins—gorse.
meikle stane—much stone (stony place).
bore—cranny, hole in wall.
tippeny—ale.
usquabae—whiskey.
swats sae reamed — drinks so frothed.
boddle—copper coin, one-third of a penny.
brent—bright, clear.
winnock bunker—window seat.
towzie tyke—rough shaggy dog.
dirl—tremble.
cantraip—charm, spell.
swat and reekit—sweat and steamed.
cleekit—caught.
hook—snatch.
reekit—smoke.
coost—cast.
duddies—rags, clothes.
sark—shirt.
creeshie—greasy.
hurdies—loins.
burdies—little birds.
rigwoodie—ugly, repulsive.
spear—disgust.
lowpin—leaping.
cummock—short staff with crooked head.

<i>brawlie</i> —finely, well.	<i>tint</i> —lost.
<i>walie</i> —ample, large, jolly.	<i>hotched</i> —turned topsy-turvy.
<i>Carrick shore</i> —Tam o' Shanter	<i>syne</i> —since, ago.
was from the Carrick district	<i>fyke</i> —fuss.
on the far side of the town.	<i>byke</i> —beehive.
<i>harn</i> —coarse linen.	<i>pussie</i> —hare.
<i>coft</i> —bought.	<i>eldritch</i> —eerie.
<i>souple jade</i> —swift animal.	<i>ettle</i> —aim or attempt.
<i>fidged fu' fain</i> —was tickled with	<i>carlin</i> —stout old woman.
pleasure.	

JOHN GILPIN

By WILLIAM COWPER

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said,
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

“Good lack!” quoth he—“yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.”

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might, be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, “Fair and softly,” John he cried
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin,—“So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind.
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face:
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife would dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,—
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop, thief! stop, thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he did get up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

trainband—militia.

callender, more usually "*callenderer*"—a callender is a machine for smoothing, pressing and glazing cloth.

wash—flat grassland by the river, flooded in winter.

Edmonton—7½ miles N. of London Bridge.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

By ROBERT BROWNING

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
"You hope. because you're old and obese,
"To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat.
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat!
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone.
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed around his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the piper uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
—Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary.

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe :

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks :
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders !"

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too,
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock :
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt of Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
"Besides," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink.
"Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !”

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling ! I can’t wait, beside !
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe in another fashion.”

“How ?” cried the Mayor, “d’ ye think I’ll brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat;
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
"On the Twenty-second of July,
"Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people who ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.
 So, Willy, let you and me be Wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!

And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them ought, let us keep our promise!

sprats—small fish.

noddy—foolish fellow.

guilder—gold coin.

train oil — whale oil (Dutch,
traen—to tear).

psaltery—ancient stringed instrument mentioned often in Bible.

drysaltery—place for curing and salting.

puncheon—large cask.

Claret, Moselle, Vin de Grave—
 French wines.

Hock, Rhenish—German wines.

stiver—small Dutch coin.

ribald—noisy mocking person.

Transylvania—in Rumania.

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT:

Like all the rest of the Ingoldsby Legends, "The Lay of St. Cuthbert" abounds in fantastic situations, amazing rhymes, catchy rhythms and clever turns of language. It holds up to good-humoured ridicule the customs of the Middle Ages, the world of castles and chivalry, of cathedrals and saints and abbots, and conceals beneath its frivolous manner a vast amount of solid antiquarian learning, the fruit of much patient enthusiastic research in old and out-of-the-way books. The real St. Cuthbert was Abbot of Lindisfarne off the

Northumbrian coast in the seventh century A.D. He was buried in Durham Cathedral. St. Cuthbert's Day, March 20th. The Abbey of Bolton is in Yorkshire and was founded before the time of William the Conqueror.

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT

By R. H. BARHAM

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes One,
 And the roast meat's brown and the boil'd meat's done,
 And the barbecu'd sucking-pig's crisp'd to a turn,
 And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn;
 The fat stubble-goose Swims in gravy and juice,
 With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use;
 Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,
 Want nothing but eating—they're all ready drest,
 But where is the Host, and where is the Guest?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page, 10
 Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),
 And the scullions and cooks, With fidgety looks,
 Are grumbling and mutt'ring, and scowling as black
 As cooks always do when the dinner's put back;
 For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair
 As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,
 And the Dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,
 And plate of *orfèvrerie* costly and rare,
 Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,
 And Mess John in his place, With his rubicund face, 20
 And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace,
 Yet where is the Host?—and his convives—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,
 And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,
 He watches the large hand, he watches the small,
 And he fidgets and looks As cross as the cooks,
 And he utters—a word which we'll soften to 'Zooks!'
 And he cries, 'What on earth has become of them all?—
 What can delay De Vaux and De Saye?
 What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay? 30

What's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye?
 Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away?
 And De Nokes, and De Styles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey?
 And De Roe? And De Doe?—

Poynings, and Vavasour—where be they?
 Fitz-Walter, Fizt-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
 And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son)?
 Their cards said, "Dinner precisely at One!"

There's nothing I hate, in The World, like waiting!
 It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels 40
 A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals!

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two!
 And the scullions and cooks are themselves in 'a stew,'
 And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,
 For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,
 And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,

And the fish is all spoil'd, And the butter's all oil'd,
 And the soup's got cold in the silver tureen,
 And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen!
 While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume, 50
 And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,

And still fidgets, and looks More cross than the cooks,
 And repeats that bad word, which we've soften'd to 'Zooks!'

Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,
 And the large and the small hands move steadily on,
 Still nobody's there, No De Roes, or De Clare,
 To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,
 Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,
 That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,
 Some four years old, and a few months to spare, 60
 With his laughing blue eyes, and his long curly hair,
 Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.

Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,
 'It's hard upon Three!—it's just on the stroke!
 Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!—'

Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,
 Who 'his fun,' as the Yankees say, everywhere 'pokes,'

And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,
 Has written a circular note to De Nokes,
 And De Styles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks, 70
 One and all, Great and small,
 Who were asked to the Hall
 To dine there and sup, and wind up with a ball,
 And had told all the party a great bouncing lie, he
 Cook'd up, that 'the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,
 The dear little curly-wigg'd heir of Le Scroope
 Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!

When the clock struck Three, And the Page on his knee
 Said 'An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*'
 And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear, 80
 With nobody near To partake of his cheer,
 He stamp'd, and he storm'd—then his language!—Oh dear!
 'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!
 And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,
 Who had told him so civilly '*On a servi,*'
 'Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!
 —The DEVIL take *them!* and the DEVIL take *thee!*
 And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR
 ME!!!

In a terrible fume He bounced out of the room, 89
 He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and groom,
 Bounced after their master; for scarce had they heard
 Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,
 Ere the horn at the gate of the Barbican tower
 Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,
 And in rush'd a troop Of strange guests!—such a group
 As had ne'er before darken'd the door of the Scroope!

This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—
 And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye—
 This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—
 But stay!—*Where on earth did he get those long nails?* 100
 Why, they're *claws!*—then Good Gracious!—they've all of
 them *tails!*
 That can't be De Vaux—why, his nose is a bill,
 Or, I would say a beak!—and he can't keep it still!—

Is that Poynings?—Oh Gemini!—look at his feet!!
 Why, they're absolute *hoofs*!—is it gout or his corns
 That have crumpled them up so?—by Jingo, he's *horns*!
 Run! run!—There's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
 And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son),
 And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on!*

Then their great saucer eyes— It's the Father of lies 110
 And his Imps—run! run! run!—they're all fiends in disguise,
 Who've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,
 The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions,
 And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—
 Run! run!—that's the 'muckle-horned Cloutie' himself!

And now what a din Without and within!
 For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin
 To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin!

Cock their tails up together, Like cows in hot weather,
 And butt at each other, all eating and drinking, 120
 The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot As together had got!
 Master Cabbage, the steward, who'd made a machine
 To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween
 The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he'd made, By the said machine's aid,
 Up, what's now called, the 'tottle' of those he survey'd,
 There were just—how he proved it I cannot divine,—
Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine,

Exclusive of Him, Who, giant in limb, 130
 And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,
 With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,
 Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there.

Which he hugs with such care, And pokes out in the air,
 And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear?

Oh! grief and despair! I vow and declare
 It's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wigg'd Heir!
 Whom the nurse had forgot, and left there in his chair,
 Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express The dismay and distress 140
 Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess
 His cursing and banning had now got him into?

That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,
Had thus on their speaker recoil'd, and his malison
Placed in the hands of the Devil's own 'pal' his son!—

He sobb'd and he sigh'd, And he scream'd, and he cried,
And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor,—he
Tore his peak'd beard, and he dash'd off his 'Vicary,'

Stamped on the jasey As though he were crazy,
And staggering about just as if he were 'hazy,' 150
Exclaimed, 'Fifty pounds!' (a large sum in those times)
'To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs
To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,
And bring down my curly-wi'——' here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan, And many a groan,
What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,
He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,
Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'twere treason
To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,—
But what saw he then?—Oh, my goodness! a sight 160
Enough to have banished his reason outright!—

In that broad banquet hall The fiends one and all,
Regardless of shriek, and of squeak, and of squall,
From one to another were tossing that small
Pretty, curly-wigg'd boy, as if playing at ball:
Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare
To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,
And bring down in safety his curly-wigg'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day! All he can say
Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away; 170
Not a man can be tempted to join the *mêlée*,
E'en those words cabalistic, 'I promise to pay
Fifty pounds on demand,' have, for once, lost their sway,

And there the Knight stands, Wringing his hands
In his agony—when on a sudden, one ray
Of hope darts through his midriff!—His Saint!—Oh, it's
funny,

And almost absurd, That it never occur'd!—
'Ay! the Scroope's Patron Saint!—he's the man for my
money!
Saint—who is it?—really I'm sadly to blame,—

On my word I'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,— 180
 That I've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—
 Cut—let me see—Cutbeard?—no!—CUTHBERT!—egad
 St. Cuthbert of Bolton!—I'm right—he's the lad!
 Oh, holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—
 Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,
 And have lashed their bare backs, and—no matter—with
 twine,

Oh! list to the vow Which I make to you now,
 Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row
 Which that Imp's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,
 And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow! 190
 Bring him back here in safety!—perform but this task,
 And I'll give!—Oh! I'll give you whatever you ask!—

There is not a shrine In the County shall shine
 With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,
 Or have so many candles, or look half so fine!—
 Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity!—
 —Conceive his surprise

When a strange voice replies,
 'It's a bargain!—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPER-
 MACETI!—

Say, whose that voice?—whose that form by his side, 200
 That old, old, grey man, with his beard long and wide,
 In his coarse Palmer's weeds,
 And his cockle and beads?—

And, how did he come—did he walk?—did he ride?
 Oh, none could determine,—oh! none could decide,—
 The fact is, I don't believe any one tried,
 For while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,

And without a word more, He march'd on before,
 Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,
 To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor, 210
 While the fiendish assembly were making a rare
 Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wigg'd Heir.—
 —I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen
 The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,
 With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,
 And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,
 'Come!—I'll trouble you just to hand over that child!'

The Demoniac crowd In an instant seem'd cowed;
 Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,
 All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye, 220
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,
 He quailed not before it, but saucily met it,
 And as saucily said, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

My goodness!—the look that the old Palmer gave!
 And his frown!—'twas quite dreadful to witness—'Why,
 slave!

You rascal!' quoth he, 'This language to ME!!
 —At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,
 And hand me that curly-wigg'd boy!—I command it—
 Come!—none of your nonsense!—you know I won't stand it.' 230

'Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,
 And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.

'Well, Cuthbert,' said he, 'If so it must be,
 —For you've had your own way from the first time
 I knew ye!

But I'll have in exchange'—here his eye flash'd with rage—
 'That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!'

'Come, come,' the Saint answer'd, 'you very well know
 The young man's no more his than your own to bestow—
 Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!
 Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle! be off with you!—go!'

The Devil grew hot— 'If I do I'll be shot! 241
 An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what;
 He has *asked* us to *dine here*, and go we will not!

Why you Skinflint,—at least You may leave us the feast!
 Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,
 Ten million good leagues, sir, as ever you strode,
 And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road—
 —"Go!"—"Mizzle!" indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,
 I should like to know?—"Go!"—I'll be hanged if I do!
 He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known 250
 That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—
 Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef;—now the mustard!—
 What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!

The Saint made a pause As uncertain, because
 He knew Nick is pretty well 'up' in the laws,
 And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he'd such claws!
 On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire
 With the curly-wigg'd boy he'd pick'd out of the fire,
 And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,
 And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath). 260

So to old Nick's appeal, As he turn'd on his heel,
 He replied, 'Well, I'll leave you the mutton and veal,
 And the soup *à la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*;
 As the Scroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel
 I can't well turn you out—'twould be hardly genteel—
 But be moderate, pray, and remember thus much,
 Since you're treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,
 And don't make it late, But mind and go straight
 Home to bed when you've finish'd—and don't steal the plate!
 Nor wrench off the knocker, or bell from the gate, 270
 Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,
 And don't "lark" with the watch, or annoy the police!'

Having thus said his say, That Palmer grey
 Took up little Le Scroope, and walk'd coolly away,
 While the Demons all set up a 'Hip! hip! hurray!'
 Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they
 Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,
 All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,
 No care for precedence or common decorum.

Few ate more hearty Than Madame Astarte, 280
 And Hecate,—considered the Belles of the party.
 Between them was seated Leviathan, eager
 To 'do the polite,' and take wine with Belphegor;
 Here was *Morbleu* (a French devil), supping soup-meagre,
 And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar
 (A Welsh one), who'd left the domains of Ap Morgan
 To 'follow the sea,'—and next him Demogorgon,—
 Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ
 To Mammon and Belial, and half a score dancers,
 Who'd joined, with Medusa to get up 'the Lancers'; 290
 —Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,
 While Beëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.
 There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles

Gave him the lie, Said he'd 'blacken his eye,'
 And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees;—
 Ramping and roaring, Hiccoughing, snoring,
 Never was seen such a riot before in
 A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling
 At any *soirée*—where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark!—as sure as fate The clock's striking Eight! 300
 (An hour which our ancestors called 'getting late,')
 When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,
 Rose up and addressed them.

' 'Tis full time,' he said,
 'For all elderly Devils to be in their bed;
 For my own part I mean to be jogging, because
 I don't find myself now quite so young as I was;
 But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,
 I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast
 Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST!
 —Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may 311

We also be able To see at *our* table
 Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,
 His good company *downstairs* at no distant day!
 You'd, I'm sure, think me rude If I did not include
 In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wigg'd Heir!
 He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware
 That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care;

Though I must not say "bless,"—
 —Why you'll easily guess, 320
 May our curly-wigg'd Friend's shadow never be less!
 Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an air
 Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.—

Of course the *élite* Rose at once on their feet,
 And followed their leader, and beat a retreat;
 When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,
 And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,
 Said, 'Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup!'—
 —It was three in the morning before they broke up!!!

I scarcely need say Sir Guy didn't delay 330
 To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay
 For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day
 The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.

In fact there was nought to compare with it—nay,
 For fear that the Abbey Might think he was shabby,
 Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,
 He ordained should take charge of a new-founded chantry,
 With six marcs apiece, and some claims on the pantry ;

In short, the whole County Declared, through his bounty
 The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes 340
 From any displayed since Sir William de Meschines,
 And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation
 With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

For the rest, it is said, And I know I have read
 In some Chronicle—whose, has gone out of my head—
 That, what with these candles, and other expenses,
 Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,

He reduced, and brought low His property so
 That, at last, he'd not much of it left to bestow ;
 And that, many years after that terrible feast, 350
 Sir Guy, in the Abbey, was living a Priest ;
 And there, in one thousand and—something, deceased.

(It's supposed by this trick He bamboozled Old Nick,
 And slipped through his fingers remarkably 'slick.')
 While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,
 Would you know more of him, you must look at 'The Roll,'

Which records the dispute, And the subsequent suit,
 Commenced in 'Thirteen sev'nty-five,'—which took root
 In LeGrosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore
 That none but *his* ancestors, ever before, 360

In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,
 To wit, '*On a Prussian-blue Field, a Bend Or*' ;
 While the Grosvenor averred that *his* ancestor bore
 The same, and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore
 Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,
 Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.

MORAL

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—e.g.

Should anything tease you, Annoy, or displease you,
Remember what Lilly says, '*animum rege!*'
And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing, 370
—In all good society voted past bearing,—
Eschew it! and leave it to dustmen and mobs,
Nor commit yourself much beyond 'Zooks!' or 'Odsbobs!'

When asked out to dine by a Person of Quality,
Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality!

For should you come late, And make dinner wait,
And the victuals get cold, you'll incur, sure as fate,
The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate.
And—though both may, perhaps, be too well-bred to
swear—
They'll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *Where*. 380

Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them
To see to the children, and not to neglect them!
And if you're a widower, just throw a cursory
Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery.
—Perhaps it's as well to keep children from plums,
And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!

To sum up the whole with a 'Saw' of much use,
Be *just* and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse*!—
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your
friends,

But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT
BOTH ENDS! !— 390

For of this be assured, if you 'go it' too fast,
You'll be 'dish'd' like Sir Guy, And like him, perhaps,
die

A poor, old, half-starved, Country Parson at last!

orfèvrerie—gold ware.

Mess—humorous short form of Master.

Fitzhugh, etc.—The guests have all been given Norman names similar to those of the great barons and knights of William's time.

sine die—indefinitely.

Oh Gemini—a mild oath, the Gemini were the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux.

muckle-horned clootie—many horned cloven-footed one, the Devil.

malison—curse.

jasey—humorous term for wig.

en ogive—with pointed gothic arch.

best spermaceti—oil.

cockle—shell, emblem of pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, Spain.

mizzle—slang, "Be off!"

Asmodeus, etc.—Like Milton in "Paradise Lost", Barham gives the names of pagan gods to the devils in Hell.

Asmodeus—an evil spirit mentioned in the Book of Tobit (the Apocrypha) as slaying the seven successive husbands of Sara.

Astarte—Phoenician goddess.

Hecate—queen of the witches.

Leviathin—Hebrew name for a monster of the deep, probably the whale, see Job., ch. 41.

Belphegor—a Moabitish god.

Morbleu—The deuce! damn!

Tredegar—on the Welsh border.

ap Morgan, ap—son of.

Demorgorgon—a terrible infernal deity first mentioned by a Latin writer about 300 A.D.

Pan—god of shepherds, huntsmen and the outdoors.

Mammon—the devil of covetousness or greed.

Belial—evil personified.

The Lancers—a popular set of quadrilles (dances) introduced into England about 1820.

Setebos—the god of Sycorax, the witch, in Shakespeare's "Tempest", who was mother of the monster Caliban.

Mephistopheles—the devil who tempted Faust and took his soul.

Beelzebub—god of the Philistines.

Lucifer—the lightbearer. The name of Satan before he was cast out of Heaven.

soiree—social evening.

downstairs—servants' quarters in Victorian houses.

chantry—a chapel endowed to maintain priests to sing masses for the soul of the founder.

chancery—chancellor's court.

The Roll—record of the Chancery Court which dealt with wills and inheritances.

Bend d'or—Heraldic term for a gold device or symbol.

Animum rege—Rule the soul, or mind.

SAINT BRANDAN:

This is an old Celtic legend. According to medieval stories Judas was the son of a tanner in Joppa (modern Jaffa).

SAINT BRANDAN

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

SAINT Brandan sails the northern main;
The brotherhoods of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late!—such storms!—The Saint is mad!

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery-lights.

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steered—
And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are neared,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell——
It is—oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor Judas, out of hell!

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly, "Wait!
By high permission I am here.

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death, they knew;

My name is under all men's ban—
Ah, tell them of my respite too!

"Tell them, one blessed Christmas-night
(It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

"I felt, as I in torment lay
'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,
An angel touch mine arm, and say,
Go hence and cool thyself an hour!

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
The Leper recollect, said he,
Who asked the passers-by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.

"Then I remembered how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,
One morn when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust with burning heat;

"And in the street a leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
The hot wind fevered him five-fold.

"He gazed upon me as I passed,
And murmured: *Help me, or I die!*
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forget my good as soon as done.

“That germ or kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

“Once every year, when carols wake,
On earth, the Christmas-night’s repose,
Arising from the sinners’ lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

“I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppa leper’s ease was pain.”——

Tears started to Saint Brandan’s eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a prayer—
Then looked, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro’ the field the road runs by
 To many-tower’d Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The Island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who has seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along,
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

Camelot—King Arthur's capital, possibly Winchester.

Galaxy—the Milky Way.

blazoned baldric—richly decorated belt hung from shoulder to opposite hip.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

(Anonymous)

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon,
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
 He ruled over England with main and might,
 But he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My Liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it were known,
I am spending nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will not put me in fear,
For spending my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,
And now for the same thou needst must die;
And except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

"Now first," quo' the King, "as I sit here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among all my liegemen of noble birth,
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How quickly I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what do I think?"

"O, these are deep questions for my shallow wit,
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;

For unless thou answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could by his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, with comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd, a-going to fold:
"Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from great King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, Shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live.
I must answer the King his questions three.
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

"The first is to tell him, as he sits there,
With his crown of gold on his head so fair
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,
To within one penny, what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, beyond all doubt,
How quickly he may ride this whole world about;
And at question the third, I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly, what does he think?"

"O, cheer up, my lord; did you never hear yet
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"With your pardon, it oft has been told to me
That I'm like your lordship as ever can be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to draw near to our father, the pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did say,
" 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, as thou seest me sitting here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among my liegemen of noble birth,
Tell to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;
For I think thou art one penny worse than he."

The King, he laughed, and swore by St. Bittle,
"I did not think I was worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,
How quickly I may ride this world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need never doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think I could do it so soon!
Now from question the third thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry:
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury.
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;
For alas! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then I'll give to thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown to me;
 And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest home,
 Thou hast brought a free pardon with thanks from King
 John."

crozier—staff.
mitre—hat.
noble—6s. 8d.

cope—long cloak.
rochet—garment like a surplice.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

(Anonymous)

HIGH upon Highlands,
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rode out on a day;
 Saddled and bridled,
 And gallant to see:
 Home came his good horse,
 But home came not he.

Out ran his old mother,
 Wild with despair;
 Out ran his bonnie bride,
 Tearing her hair.
 He rode saddled and bridled,
 With boots to the knee:
 Home came his good horse,
 But never came he.

"My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is unbuilt,
 And my babe is unborn."

He rode saddled and bridled,
 Careless and free:
 Safe home came the saddle,
 But never came he.

"GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR"

(Anonymous)

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind so cold blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my household work,
 Goodman, as ye may see;
 And it will not be barred for a hundred years,
 If it's to be barred by me!"

They made a pact between them both,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That whosoe'er should speak the first,
 Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could see neither house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candlelight.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor?"
 But never a word would one of them speak,
 For barring of the door.

The guests they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho' much the goodwife thought to herself,
Yet never a word she spake.

Then said one stranger to the other,
"Here, man, take ye my knife;
Do ye take off the old man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"There's no hot water to scrape it off,
And what shall we do then?"
"Then why not use the pudding broth,
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my eyes!
And with pudding broth scald me!"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gave three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word.
Get up and bar the door!"

Martinmas—Feast of St. Martin, 11th November, traditionally regarded as a time for feasting and drinking.
white and black puddings—sort of sausages made from stomach. entrails, etc.

THE IMAGE

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"WHY do you look so pale, my son William?
Where have you been so long?"
"I've been to my sweetheart, Mother,
As it says in the song."

"Though you be pledged and cried to the parish
'Tis not fitting or right
To visit a young maiden
At this hour of night."

"I went not for her sweet company,
I meant not any sin,
But only to walk round her house
And think she was within.

"Unbeknown I looked in at the window;
And there I saw my bride
Sitting lonesome in the chimney-nook,
With the cat alongside.

"Slowly she drew out from under her apron
An image made of wax,
Shaped like a man, and all stuck over
With pins and with tacks.

"Hair it had, hanging down to its shoulders,
Straight as any tow—
Just such a lock she begged of me
But three days ago.

"She set it down to stand in the embers—
The wax began to run,
Mother! Mother! That waxen image,
I think it was your son!"

"'Twas but a piece of maiden's foolishness,
Never think more of it.
I warrant that when she's a wife
She'll have a better wit."

"Maybe, maybe, Mother.
I pray you, mend the fire.
For I am cold to the knees
With walking through the mire.

"The snow is melting under the rain,
The ways are full of mud;

The cold has crept into my bones,
And glides along my blood.

“Take out, take out my winding sheet
From the press where it lies,
And borrow two pennies from my money-box
To put upon my eyes;

“For now the cold creeps up to my heart,
My ears go Ding, go Dong:
I shall be dead long before day,
For winter nights are long.”

“Cursed, cursed be that Devil’s vixen
To rob you of your life!
And cursed be the day you left me
To go after a wife!”

“Why do you speak so loud, Mother?
I was almost asleep.
I thought the churchbells were ringing
And the snow lay deep.

“Over the white fields we trod to our wedding,
She leant upon my arm—
What have I done to her that she
Should do me this harm?”

“As it says in the song”—(Lord Randal).

THE WIFE OF USHER’S WELL

(Anonymous)

THERE lived a wife at Usher’s Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o’er the sea.

They hadn't been a week from her
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carlin's wife
That her three sons were gone.

They hadn't been a week from her
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease
Nor fashes in the flood
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are long and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates of Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made for them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's ta'en her mantle her about
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray,
The eldest to the youngest said
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawd but once
And clapped his wings at all
When the youngest to the eldest said
"Brother, we must awa.

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place
A sair pain we maun bide.

Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fare weel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, thou bonnie lass
That kindles my mother's fire!

carline—peasant.

fashes—troubles.

Martinmas—St. Martin's day, Nov. 11th.

birk—birch.

syke—trench.

sheugh—furrow.

channerin—devouring.

byre—cattle shed.

SECTION II

TALES AND LEGENDS OF
THE NEW WORLD

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE:

The famous midnight ride of Paul Revere, warning the countryside out of Boston that the British were crossing the Charles River and marching to Concord and Lexington about twenty miles away to seize the military stores there, was celebrated in ballads very soon after the Revolutionary War, people recognizing in Paul Revere a symbol of the Revolution. And he had become something of a legendary figure with the passing of the years. Longfellow's poem, written during the Civil War, made his ride more famous still. Like most legends it is not quite accurate historically. Paul Revere was in Boston when the lanterns were hung in the Old North Church to signal which route the English were taking and warn the watchers on the north shore so that they could have a horse ready on the other road when Revere got across. Revere actually rode only as far as Lexington. He was proceeding to Concord, four miles farther on (where the British were stopped and turned back a few days later), but was captured by British soldiers who took his horse and let him go. His ride took place on Sunday night, the battle of Concord on the Wednesday following.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By H. W. LONGFELLOW

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Or

The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"

A Logical Story

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
 I'll tell you what happened without delay,
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits,—
 Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown;
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear-out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou")

He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "it's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen Hundred;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then came fifty, and Fifty-Five.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—The earthquake-day,—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavour of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
 The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the —Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 First a shiver and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground.
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Georgius Secundus—George II, 1727-60, 2nd King of Hanoverian dynasty.

Lisbon earthquake—November 1st, 1755, practically destroyed the city. 40,000 persons lost their lives in the earthquake and its attendant tidal wave and fire.

Braddock's army—ambushed and annihilated by the French and Indians near Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), 1755.

I dew vum—I do swear.

boot—luggage container.

dasher—dashboard.

nothing local—medical term, the author was a doctor.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
 By the men who toil for gold;
 The Arctic trails have their secret tales
 That would make your blood run cold;
 The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
 But the queerest they ever did see
 Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
 I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton
blooms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam round the Pole
God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold
him like a spell;

Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd "sooner
live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the
Dawson trail.

Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like
a driven nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze, till sometimes
we couldn't see;

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam
McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight in our robes
beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing
heel and toe,

He turned to me, and, "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip,
I guess;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last
request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says
with a sort of moan:

"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled
clean through to the bone.

Yet 'taint being dead, it's my awful dread of the icy grave
that pains;

So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate
my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would
not fail;

And we started on at the streak of dawn, but God! he
looked ghastly pale.

He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his
home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam
McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried,
horror-driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't get rid, because of
a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You
may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those
last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has
its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my
heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the
huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God! how
I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and
heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub
was getting low
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I
would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened
with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake LeBarge, and a derelict
there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called
the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at
my frozen chum:
Then, "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my
cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the
boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped
the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a
blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed
in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the
wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks,
and I don't know why
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking
down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again
I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a
peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked," . . . then the
door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of
the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said:
"Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold
and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time
I've been warm."

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
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*The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

Lake Lebarge—towards the headwaters of the Yukon River, not many miles from Whitehorse.

THE BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful crank
That's staked out nigh three hundred claims, and every
 one a blank;
That's followed every fool stampede, and seen the rise
 and fall
Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he got none
 at all;
That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for a song
To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came along;
That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a speck in sight,
Yet sees them take a million from the claims to left and
 right?
Now aren't things like that enough to drive a man to booze?
But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof—he knew the way
 to lose.

'Twas in the fall of nineteen four—leap-year I've heard
 them say—
When Hard-Luck came to Hunker Creek and took a
 hillside lay.
And lo! as if to make amends for all the futile past,
Late in the year he struck it rich, the real paystreak at last.
The riffles of his sluicing-box were choked with speckled
 earth,

And night and day he worked that lay for all that he was
worth.

And when in chill December's gloom his lucky lease expired,
He found that he had made a stake as big as he desired.

One day while meditating on the waywardness of fate,
He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting mate;
A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life,
A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant, a wife.
And while he cooked his supper on his little Yukon stove,
He wished that he had staked a claim in Love's rich treasure-
trove;

When suddenly he paused and held aloft a Yukon egg,
For there in pencilled letters was the magic name of Peg.

You know these Yukon eggs of our—some pink, some green,
some blue—

A dollar per, assorted tints, assorted flavours too.
The supercilious cheechako might designate them high,
But one acquires a taste for them and likes them by-and-by.
Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held it to the light,
And there was more faint pencilling that sorely taxed his
sight.

At last he made it out, and then the legend ran like this—
“Will Klondike miner write to Peg, Plumhollow,
Squashville, Wis.?”

That night he got to thinking of this far-off, unknown fair;
It seemed so sort of opportune, an answer to his prayer.
She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she haunted him
by day,

She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she cheered his
weary way.

At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love he set—
Wisconsin his objective point; his object, Margaret.

With every mile of sea and land his longing grew and grew.
He practised all his pretty words, and these, I fear, were few.
At last, one frosty evening, with a cold chill down his spine,
He found himself before her house, the threshold of the
shrine.

His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed with sudden
flame—

He knocked; he heard a welcome word; she came—his
goddess came.

Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he spoke:

"I'm all the way from Klondike, with a mighty heavy poke.
I'm looking for a lassie, one whose Christian name is Peg,
Who sought a Klondike miner, and who wrote it on an egg."

The lassie gazed at him a space, her cheeks grew rosy red;
She gazed at him with tear-bright eyes, then tenderly
she said:

"Yes, lonely Klondike miner, it is true my name is Peg.
It's also true I longed for you and wrote it on an egg.
My heart went out to some one in that land of night and cold;
But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been mighty old.
I waited long, I hoped and feared; you should have come
before;

I've been a wedded woman now for eighteen months or more.
I'm sorry, since you've come so far, you ain't the one
that wins;

But won't you take a step inside—*I'll let you see the twins.*"

riffles—cleats in the sluice box to catch the gold.
cheechako—greenhorn.

THE KLONDIKE MINER:

A parody of an older poem dealing with a German soldier who is
dying far from his home in Bingen on the Rhine.

THE KLONDIKE MINER

A KLONDIKE City mining man lay dying on the ice
There was lack of women's nursing, for he didn't have the
price,

But a comrade knelt beside him as the sun sank to repose,
To hear what he might have to say and watch him while
he froze.

The dying man, he raised his head above the banks of snow,
And he said, "I've never seen it thaw when 'twas forty-five
below ;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends thereat,
For I was born at Gibbons, at Gibbons on the Platte.

"Tell my brothers and companions if ever you get back East,
That this blooming Klondike country is no place for man or
beast,

For the mountains are too rugged and the weather is too
cold,

And the wheat fields of Nebraska yield a better grade
of gold.

"Here an honest day of labor won't buy a pound of grease,
And the price of leather biscuits is sixty cents apiece ;
Tell my father not to sorrow with a sorrow deep and dense,
For I would not thus have perished if I had a lick of sense,
But to keep the sorrel horses and the high-grade cattle fat
Upon the farm at Gibbons, at Gibbons on the Platte.

"I thought to make a fortune here," the dying man did say,
And then he hove a sigh or two and froze up right away ;
And it took of golden shekels two hundred, yes, more than
that,

To ship him back to Gibbons, to Gibbons on the Platte.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS :

The scene is California in the mining days.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

By BRET HARTE

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games ;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the
rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost
mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at
at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the
floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palaeozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was
a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of
Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
 James;
 And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
 That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

palaeozoic—early geologic period.

DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

DAT's very cole and stormy night on Village St. Mathieu,
 W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was quiet, too—
 Young Dominique is start heem out to see Emmeline
 Gourdon

Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de Forgeron.

Poor Dominique he's lak' dat girl, and love her mos' de tam,
 An' she was mak' de promise—sure—some day she be his
 famme.

But she have worse ole fader dat's never on the worl',
 Was swear unless he's rich lak' diable, no feller's get hees
 girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees daughter Emmeline,
 Dat's mebbe nice girl, too, but den, Mon Dieu, she's not de
 queen!

An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for spark it on de
 door,

An' hear de ole man swear "Baptême!" he's never come no
 more.

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',—was scare for old
 Maxime,

He don't lak' risk hese'f too moche for chances seein' heem,
 Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark you cannot see,
 An' dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de gallerie.

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem—don't care about de rain,
So glad for see young Dominique he's comin' back again,
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak' de embrasser
An' affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique is say—

“Good-bye, dear Emmeline, good-bye; I'm goin' very soon,
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on de moon—
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go away,
He's got no use for me at all—I see dat ev'ry day.

He's never meet me on de road but he is say 'Sapre!
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's killin' me,
So I must lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on 'noder place,
An' till I mak' de beeg for-tune, you never see ma face.”

Den Emmeline say “Dominique, ma love you'll always be
An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole noboddy—
But prenez garde me fader, please, I know he's gettin' ole—
All sam' he offen walk de house upon de stockin' sole.

“Good-bye, good-bye, cher Dominique! I know you will
be true,

I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she go wit' you.”
Dat's very quick he kiss her den, before de fader come,
But don't get too moche pleasurement—so 'fraid de old
Bonhomme.

Wall! just about dey're half way troo wit' all dat love
beez-ness

Emmeline say, “Dominique, w'at for you're scare lak' all
de res'?

Don't see mese'f moche danger now de old man come
aroun',”

W'en minute after dat, dere's noise, lak' house she's fallin'
down.

Den Emmeline she holler “Fire! will no wan come for me?”
An' Dominique is jump so high, near bus' de gallerie,—

“Help! help! right off,” somebody shout, “I'm killin' on
ma place,

It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl she's ma disgrace.”

He's kip it up long tam lak' dat, but not hard tellin' now,
W'at's all de noise upon de house—who's kick heem up
de row?

It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon de stockin' sole,
An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'roo de stove
pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wan leg hang below,
An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's glad for ketch
heem so—

De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swear and ax for w'y
Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he's comin' die.

Den Dominique he spik lak' dis, "Mon cher M'sieu Gourdon
I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only habitant,
But I was love more I can tole your daughter Emmeline,
An' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak de Queen.

"I want you mak' de promise now, before it's come too late,
An' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche tam for wait.
Your foot she is hangin' down so low, I'm 'fraid she ketch
de cole,

Wall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you out de hole."

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he never swear before,
An' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it on de floor,
"Non, non," he say, "Sapre tonnerre! she never marry you,
An' if you don't look out you get de jail on St. Mathieu."

"Correc'," young Dominique is say, "mebbe de jail's tight
place,

But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on de face,
So if you don't lak' geeve de girl on one poor habitant,
Dat's be mese'f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher M'sieur Gourdon."

"Come back, come back," Maxine is shout—"I promise you
de girl,

I never see no wan lak' you—no never on de worl'!
It's not de nice trick you was play on man dat's gettin' ole,
But de jus' w'at you lak' so long you pull me out de hole."

"Hooraw! Hooraw!" Den Dominique is pull heem out tout suite

An' Emmeline she's helpin' too for place heem on de feet,
An' affer dat de ole man's tak' de young peep down de stair,
W'ere he is go couché right off, an' dey go on parloir.

Nex' Sunday mornin' they was called by M'sieu le Curé,
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geeve Emmeline away;
Den affer dat dey settle down lak' habitant is do,
An' have de mos' fine familee on Village St. Mathieu.

sapré tonnerre—literally, damned thunder! Holy Smoke!

CASEY AT THE BAT:

William Lyon Phelps, late professor at Yale, said of this poem: "This graduate of Harvard wrote a masterpiece which millions of ambitious men wish they had written. For Casey is absolute perfection. The psychology of the crowd and the psychology of the hero leave nothing to be desired. There is more knowledge of human nature in this poem than in many of the works of the psychiatrists. Furthermore, it is a tragedy of Destiny."

CASEY AT THE BAT

By ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play;

And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,

A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;

They thought, if only Casey could but get a whack, at that,
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to
the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had
occurred,
There was Jimmy safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountaintop, and rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside, and recoiled upon the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his
place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's
face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands
with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on
his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through
the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire
said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a
muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant
shore;

"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised
his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo
answered, "Fraud!"
But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles
strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in
hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And how the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are
light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children
shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck
out!

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL (A Georgia Romance)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

UP in the mountains it's lonesome all the time.
Sof' win' slewin' th'u' the sweet-potato vine.

Up in the mountains it's lonesome for a child.
Whippo'rwills a-callin' when the sap rauns wild.

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everythin' 's as lazy as an old houn' dog.

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet,
Don't want nuthin' an' never got it yet.

Born in the mountains, lonesome-born,
Raised runnin' ragged th'u' the cockleburs and corn,

Never knew my pappy, mebbe never should.
Think he was a fiddle made of mountain-laurel wood.

Never had a mammy, to teach me pretty-please.
Think she was a whippo'rwill a-skitin' th'u' the trees.

Never had a brother ner a whole pair of pants,
But when I start to fiddle, why, yuh got to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—"Kingdom Come! Kingdom Come!"
Hear the frogs a-chunkin', "Jug o' rum! Jug o' rum!"
Hear that mountain whippo'rwill be lonesome in the air,
An' I'll tell yuh how I traveled to the Essex County Fair.

Essex County has a mighty pretty fair,
All the smarty fiddlers from the South come there.

Elbows flyin' as they rosin up the bow
For the first prize contest in the Georgia fiddlers' show.

Old Dan Wheeling, with his whiskers in his ears,
King-pin fiddler for nearly twenty years.

Big Tom Sargent, with his blue walleye,
An' Little Jimmy Weezer that can make a fiddle cry.

All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud,
Listen, little whippor'will, yuh better bug yore eyes.
Tun-atun-a-tunin' while the jedges told the crowd
Them that got the mostest claps 'd win the bestest prize.
Everybody waitin' for the first tweedledee,
When in comes a-stumblin' hillbilly me!

Bowed right pretty to the jedges an' the rest,
Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table, an' said, "There's my callin' card!
An' anyone that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle hard!"

Old Dan Wheeling he was laughin' fit to holler,
Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller-toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippo'rwill right underneath my chin,

An' petted it an' tuned it till the jedges said, "Begin!"
Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;

He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato vine,
He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree,
He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea.

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked each other
raw
When he finished variations on *Turkey in the Straw*.

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play;
He could fiddle all night, he could fiddle all day,

He could fiddle chills, he could fiddle fever,
He could make a fiddle rustle like a lowland river,

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman,
And they clapped like thunder when he'd finished strummin'.

Then came the ruck of the bobtailed fiddlers,
The let's-go-easies, the fair-to-middlers.

They got their claps, an' they lost their bicker,
An' settled back for some more corn licker.

An' the crowd was tired of their no-'count squealing,
When out in the center steps Old Dan Wheeling.

He fiddled high and fiddled low,
Listen, little whippo'rwill, yuh got to spread yore wings!

He fiddled with a cherry-wood bow.
Old Dan Wheeling's got bee honey in his strings.

He fiddled the wind by the lonesome moon,
He fiddled a most almighty tune.

He started fiddling like a ghost,
He ended fiddling like a host.

He fiddled north an' he fiddled south,
He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth.

He fiddled here and he fiddled there,
He fiddled salvation everywhere.

When he was finished the crowd cut loose,
Whippo'rwill, they's rain on yore breast.
And I sat there wonderin', "What's the use?"
Whippo'rwill, fly home to yore nest!

But I stood up pert, and I took my bow,
And my fiddle went to my shoulder, so.

And they wasn't no crowd to get me fazed,
But I was alone where I was raised.

Up in the mountains, so still it makes yuh skeered,
Where God lies sleepin' in His big white beard.

And I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine,
And I heard the earth a-breathin' th'o' the long night-time.

They've fiddled the rose an' they've fiddled the thorn,
But they haven't fiddled the mountain corn.

They've fiddled sinful an' fiddled moral,
But they haven't fiddled the breshwood laurel.

They've fiddled loud an' they've fiddled still,
But they haven't fiddled the whippo'rwill.

I started off with a dump-diddle-dump,
Oh, hell's broke loose in Georgia!
Skunk cabbage growin' by the bee-gum stump.
Whippo'rwill, yo're singin' now!

Oh, Georgia booze is mighty fine booze,
The best yuh ever poured yuh,
But it eats the soles right offen yore shoes,
For hell's broke loose in Georgia,

My mother was a whippo'rwill pert,
My father he was lazy,
But I'm hell broke loose in a new store shirt
To fiddle all Georgia crazy.

Swing your partners—up and down the middle!
Sashay now—oh, listen to that fiddle!
Flapjacks flippin' on a red-hot griddle,
And hell broke loose,
Hell broke loose,
Fire on the mountains, snakes in the grass,
Satan's here a-bilin'—ho, Lordy, let him pass!
Go down Moses, set my people free,
Pop goes the weasel th'u' the old Red Sea!
Jonah sittin' on a hickory bough,
Up jumps a whale—an' where's yore prophet now?
Rabbit in the pea patch, possum in the pot,
Try an' stop my fiddle now my fiddle's gettin' hot!
Whippo'rwill singin' th'u' the mountain hush,
Whippo'rwill shoutin' from the burnin' bush,
Whippo'rwill cryin' in the stable door,
Sing tonight as yuh never sang before!
Hell's broke loose like a stompin' mountain shoat,
Sing till yuh bust the gold in yore throat!
Hell's broke loose for fo'ty miles aroun'
Bound to stop yore music if yuh don't sing it down.
Sing on the mountains, little whippo'rwill,
Sing to the valleys, an' slap 'em with a hill,

For I'm struttin high as an eagle's quill,
An' hell's broke loose.
Hell's broke loose in Georgia!

They wasn't a sound when I stopped bowin',
Whippo'rwill, yuh can sing no more.
But somewhere or other the dawn was growin',
Oh, mountain whippo'rwill!
An' I thought, "I've fiddled all night and lost.
Yo're a good hillbilly, but yuh've been bossed."

So I went to congratulate my old man Dan,
But he put his fiddle into my han'—
An' then the noise of the crowd began.

SECTION III

POEMS OF CONFLICT

HORATIUS :

According to the old tradition, Tarquin, one of the early Roman kings, and his family, were banished for their cruelty and tyranny. Lars Porsena of Clusium, one of the towns of Etruria (Tuscanny), with whom they sought refuge raised a huge army and marched against Rome but was frustrated by the bravery of Horatius and his two companions.

HORATIUS

By LORD MACAULAY

LARS Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;

The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten :
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I-wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

'Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons

Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:

At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes,
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is "Astur!"
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenches out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance,

Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers

To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

Tarpeian rock—part of the Capitoline Hill, one of the Seven Hills of Rome.

Janiculum—another of the Seven Hills.

Ramnians and Titians—two of the three old patrician tribes.

Luna, Tifernum, Alvernum, etc.—all places in Tuscany.

Sextus—son of Tarquin.

Palatinus—Palatine Hill.

Comitium—open space used for assemblies, later incorporated in the Forum.

TAILLEFER:

The Battle of Hastings, one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world", left England ruled by the Normans, and linked politically and culturally with Western Europe from which it had largely been cut off since the Romans retreated from Britain more than six hundred years before. William of Normandy, illegitimate son of Count Robert and Arletta, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, had forced Harold, when shipwrecked on his shores, to swear on the bones of the saints that when Edward the Confessor, a weak pious king, died, he would deliver up England to the Duke. But on Edward's death Harold was elected king. William assembled a large army, built a fleet, procured the blessing of Pope Alexander and a great Papal standard, crossed the Channel and landed at Pevensey Bay. Just before he sailed, Harold, who had been guarding the south coast was called to Yorkshire to repulse the invasion of Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, and his own brother, Tostig. At the great slaughter

of Stamford Bridge, Hardrada (to whom Harold had scornfully promised "six feet of ground or perhaps a little more, as you are a tall man" when he had demanded a portion of England) and Tostig were both slain. In the meantime William had landed. Harold marched back and on the 14th of October, 1066, the great battle was fought. "As soon as the two armies," says the Chronicler, "were in view of each other great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the many trumpets, bugles and horns and see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows and handling their arrows.

"Then Taillefer (William's minstrel knight), who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse before the Duke, singing of Charlemagne and Roland and Oliver and the peers that died at Roncevalles. Taillefer asked a boon "that you allow me to strike the first blow in the battle to-day". Taillefer put horse to gallop, charging before all the rest and struck one Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body. Then he drew his sword and struck down another crying, 'Come on! Come on! What do ye, sirs! Lay on! Lay on!'"

All day the battle raged, William hurling his cavalry against the entrenched and stockaded position on Senlac Hill, where Harold's chosen troops, in full armour with huge axes were grouped around their king and the Golden Dragon of Wessex. More than once the day nearly went against the Normans, but finally Harold and his two brothers were slain and when night closed in the English cause was utterly lost; all the bravest thanes were dead on the battlefield, together with 15,000 Normans who also fell, and William "sat down to eat and drink among the dead". Harold's body was afterwards discovered and buried in Waltham Abbey, though William had promised him "no other sepulchre than the sand of the shore".

TAILLEFER

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON the judgment seat of Alfred,
 Acclaimed by churl andthane,
 Sat Harold the son of Godwin
 With the sword of Athelstane—
 The Earl of the West Saxons,
 With Edward in his mind,
 Harold, Lord of Britain,
 King of the English kind.

In Rouen fumed Duke William
 And swore this should not be,

By the Mount of the Archangel,
By the saints of Normandy;
And Tostig, Harold's brother,
Northumbria's banished earl,
Spake with Harold Hardrada
And saw his fierce lip curl.

So the Norse returned to England
With fire and sword, and found
One gift from the golden Dragon—
Seven feet of English ground;
A shield wall by Gate Fulford,
Thick spears on a windy ridge,
The last of the ancient sea-kings
Routed at Stamfordbridge.

But below the Picard river
The South wind came at last
To the sails of all Duke William's ships.
His ships were sailing fast
North on the misty channel
When stars were glittering,
And under the "Mora's" lantern
A knight sang to the king:

Taillefer, Cleaver of Iron,
Bearing a name for the strong—
Yet Taillefer, youth of laughter,
Thrilling the night with a song
Of Charlemagne and Roland,
Of a horn that mocked despair,
With a voice of youth and victory—
Taillefer! Taillefer!

Brooding, the Conqueror watched him
And his rapt uplifted face,
Light of the eyes that challenged,
Freedom and strength and grace,
Merry, untouched by evil,
Open and frank and kind;
And a serpent stirred in the darkness
That filled Duke William's mind.

Through the wet wave at Pevensey
The armed host threshed to shore,
And the Duke would first have reached the land
But a light step leapt before.
First on the coast of England,
Bareheaded, with blowing hair,
Bounded that unleashed leopard,
The young knight, Taillefer.

Sudden abashed and halted
By the Conqueror's loud commands
He paused. Duke William tripped and fell,
The earth in his two hands.
"So I take seizin of England!"
He cried with a surly glare,
But caught youth's impish laughter
In the eyes of Taillefer.

Now a thane rode to King Harold
With tidings strange indeed,
And Harold marched for London
Ere the man could turn his steed,
Calling aloud to the muster
All sons of English sires;
The Dragon and the Fighting Man
Flamed southward through the shires.

And southward from London muster
And the rood in Waltham's fane
Levies pressed to the Standard
Of the troops that met the Dane,
Till they stood on the heights of Senlac
From all the shires and towns,
Battleaxe men and darters
High on a spur of the downs.

And south on the Hill of Heathland
Duke William, peering, vowed
A minster to St. Martin
Where the English gleamed like cloud.
To the blessing of Bishop Odo

Knelt men from Boulogne and Maine,
Poitevin, Breton, Picard,
That their hope be not in vain.

So the night passed. The morning
Grew gray in the chilly air.
The Conqueror summoned to his tent
The young knight Taillefer.
"Youth would go first!" He eyed him.
"Rashness best fits the fray.
Singer of songs of daring,
Lead thou the van to-day!"

With open eyes of wonder
Youth faced embittered craft.
Then, in a flash of vision,
Sudden the young knight laughed,
And a shaft of early sunlight
Struck gold from his tangled hair.
"By the banner of the Apostle,
Yea, sire!" cried Taillefer.

So beyond Telham northward
The Norman knighthood rode.
Billmen and jerkined archers
Through marsh and wasteland strode.
Toustain the White with the banner
Bright glimmering through the haze,
Odo in gleaming armour
By William of Falaise.

There was to cross the English fosse
And then the host stood still
Where that ash-woven barricade
Frowned from the sloping hill.
A burthened pause ere battle
About the hour of prime,
And sunlight burst upon the downs,
A lark began to climb,

And out from the Norman vanguard
Tossing his lance on high,
Unhelmeted, unheralded
Under the open sky,
On a charger that stepped like dancing,
With a song for all to share,
A vivid flame in the sunlight
Rode the minstrel, Taillefer.

Taillefer, Cleaver of Iron,
Bearing a name for the strong,
Yet Taillefer, lord of laughter,
Thrilling the day with a song
Of Charlemagne and Roland,
Of one hour that mocked despair,
With a glorious voice of victory—
Taillefer! Taillefer!

Swift flew the sleet of arrows
As the English trumpets blew.
Up surged the host of Normans.
Blood glinted on the dew.
Warriors of Kent and Essex
Shouted defiance back.
Hildebrand's flaming ensign
Mounted to the attack.

But he tossed his lance and caught it
As his charger caracoled,
And high over horn and battle-cry
His ringing singing rolled
Taunting, immortal, haunting,
Superb on the sunlit air,
A gauntlet flung in the teeth of Death—
Taillefer! Taillefer!

Then they saw him reel in the saddle
And clutch at the saddle bow
And the fight joined on the hill crest
With curse and clashing blow,

Till at length on a blinded Harold
 The shades of Senlac close
 And deep in the heart of England
 Burns the spear of her foreign foes.

Mount of the Archangel—Mont St. Michel.

Mora's lantern—the Mora was William's ship, the gift of his wife.
 On each side of the prow was a brazen child carrying an arrow
 with a bended bow.

seizin—possession.

rood—cross.

fane—cathedral or abbey.

Toustain the White—Toustain Le Blanc bore the standard blessed
 by the Pope.

St. Martin—patron saint of gallic warriors. Battle Abbey, erected
 in memory of the battle, was dedicated to him.

Bishop Odo—William's half-brother.

Boulogne, Maine, Poitou, Britanny, Picardy—all parts of northern
 France.

Hildebrand—the Pope's right-hand man in 1066. Later became Pope
 Gregory VII.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS:

In the 1860 war with China an English soldier and some sepoys
 were taken prisoner. They were ordered to prostrate themselves
 before the Chinese officers: the Englishman refused and was shot.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

By SIR F. H. DOYLE

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart with English instinct fraught

He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
And English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

The Buffs—The East Kent Regiment, so called because of the buff coloured cuffs and collars on their tunics years ago. Kent, sometimes called "the garden of England" is noted for its intensive cultivation of fruits and hops.

Elgin—the first viceroy of India appointed by the Queen after the Indian mutiny.

Sparta's King—Leonidas, who with his three hundred soldiers held to the death the narrow pass of Thermopylae against the vast Persian army.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

By T. L. PEACOCK

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars,
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women,
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE:

When the Scottish Convention, assembled at Edinburgh, declared allegiance to William of Orange, Viscount Dundee, "Bonnie Dundee", having failed to persuade the Duke of Gordon to hold Edinburgh Castle for the Stuart King, James II, March 16th, 1688 (see Scott's poem *Bonnie Dundee*) galloped out of the town to the highlands where he roused the clans to fight for the Stuarts. At the battle of Killiecrankie he was killed leading the wild Highland charge which routed the troops of General Mackay, and with his death the Stuart cause perished.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE

By W. E. AYTOUN

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE

Lo! we bring with us the hero—
 Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,
 Crowned as best beseems a victor
 From the altar of his fame;
 Fresh and bleeding from the battle
 Whence his spirit took its flight,
 Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
 And the thunder of the fight!
 Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
 As we march o'er moor and lea!
 Is there any here will venture
 To bewail our dead Dundee?
 Let the widows of the traitors
 Weep until their eyes are dim!
 Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
 Let none dare to mourn for him!
 See! above his glorious body
 Lies the royal banner's fold—
 See! his valiant blood is mingled—
 With its crimson and its gold—
 See how calm he looks, and stately,
 Like a warrior on his shield,
 Waiting till the flush of morning
 Breaks along the battle-field!
 See—Oh never more, my comrades,
 Shall we see that falcon eye
 Redden with its inward lightning,
 As the hour of fight drew nigh!
 Never shall we hear the voice that,
 Clearer than the trumpet's call,
 Bade us strike for King and Country,
 Bade us win the field, or fall!

II

On the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn our army lay:
 Slowly rose the mist in columns
 From the river's broken way;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
 And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,

When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Graemes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE

How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

III

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.—

Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

V

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest!
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race,
 Who would rather die unsullied
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!
 Reck not of the after-time:
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

Our Valiant Douglas—The Earl of Douglas, tried to carry out Bruce's dying wish that, as he had never been able to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, his heart should be taken there for burial. But Douglas perished on the way fighting against the Moors. Bruce's heart was recovered and buried at Melrose Abbey.

Cameronian rebels—Camerons were a sect of Covenanters. A Cameronian guard was formed by the Convention to restore order in Scotland in 1689.

Montrose—a brilliant soldier who rallied the Scottish clans and defeated the Parliamentary forces in several battles during the Civil War, 1640-49. After Charles I's death he was captured and executed.

Royal martyr—Charles I, beheaded 1649.

Breadalbane—in Perthshire.

Leslie and Leven—Alexander Leslie, the Earl of Leven was the foremost Scottish soldier on the Parliamentary side during the Civil War.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA:

Sir John Moore with 30,000 men diverted Napoleon and his vastly larger army from the attempted conquest of Portugal and southern Spain, and then eluded that same army by retreating and fighting all the way to Corunna in Northwest Spain over mountains in the depth of winter. The battle of Corunna was a rear-guard action to cover the embarkation of the English, fought by Moore's rear-guard against Marshal Soult and the army which Napoleon had left him to finish off the English. In its main object it succeeded, but Moore received his death wound early in the action, 16th of January, 1809, and was buried before dawn on the 17th, by his own wish, on the ramparts of Corunna.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

By CHARLES WOLFE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

HOHENLINDEN:

On the Iser River in Bavaria, Napoleon's general, Marshal Moreau, totally defeated the Austrians during extremely bad winter weather, December 2nd, 1800.

HOHENLINDEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout 'neath their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 A soldier's sepulchre.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL:

This is an improvement on an old song, "McPherson's Lament". James Macpherson, a Highland freebooter of tremendous personal strength, and a great performer on the violin, was captured and sentenced to death in 1700. While in prison he composed a song describing his wild life, and defying death, and sang it at his execution, accompanying himself on the violin.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

By ROBERT BURNS

I

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

II

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

III

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword!
 And there's no man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

IV

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie:
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avengéd be.

V

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame disdain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

spring—a Scots reel.
sturt—trouble.

IN PRISON:

Inspired by Morris's reading of Froissart's Chronicles of the Hundred Years' War between France and England.

IN PRISON

By WILLIAM MORRIS

WEARILY, drearily,
Half the day long,
Flap the great banners
High over the stone;
Strangely and eerily
Sounds the wind's song,
Bending the banner-poles.

While, all alone,
Watching the loophole's spark
Lie I, with life all dark,
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
Fast to the stone,
The grim walls, square letter'd
With prison'd men's groan.

Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong.

DUNKIRK

By ROBERT NATHAN

WILL came back from school that day,
And he had little to say.
But he stood a long time looking down
To where the gray-green Channel water
Slapped at the foot of the little town,
And to where his boat, the *Sarah P*,
Bobbed at the tide on an even keel,
With her one old sail, patched at the leech,
Furled like a slattern down at heel.

He stood for a while above the beach;
He saw how the wind and current caught her.
He looked a long time out to sea.
There was steady wind and the sky was pale,
And a haze in the east that looked like smoke.

Will went back to the house to dress.
He was halfway through when his sister Bess,
Who was near fourteen and younger than he
By just two years, came home from play.
She asked him, 'Where are you going, Will?'
He said, 'For a good long sail.'
'Can I come along?'

'No, Bess,' he spoke.
'I may be gone for a night and a day.'
Bess looked at him. She kept very still.
She had heard the news of the Flanders rout,
How the English were trapped above Dunkirk,
And the fleet had gone to get them out—
But everyone thought that it wouldn't work.
There was too much fear, there was too much doubt

She looked at him and he looked at her.
They were English children, born and bred.
He frowned her down, but she wouldn't stir.
She shook her proud young head.
'You'll need a crew,' she said.

They raised the sail on the *Sarah P*,
Like a penoncel on a young knight's lance,
And headed the *Sarah* out to sea,
To bring their soldiers home from France.

There was no command, there was no set plan,
But six hundred boats went out with them
On the gray-green waters, sailing fast,
River excursion and fisherman,
Tug and schooner and racing *M*,
And the little boats came following last.

From every harbor and town they went
Who had sailed their craft in the sun and rain,

From the South Downs, from the cliffs of Kent,
From the village street, from the country lane.
There are twenty miles of rolling sea
From coast to coast, by the seagull's flight,
But the tides were fair and the wind was free,
And they raised Dunkirk by the fall of night.

They raised Dunkirk with its harbor torn
By the blasted stern and the sunken prow ;
They had raced for fun on an English tide,
They were English children bred and born,
And whether they lived or whether they died,
They raced for England now.
Bess was as white as the *Sarah's* sail,
She set her teeth and smiled at Will.
He held his course for the smoky veil
Where the harbor narrowed thin and long.
The British ships were firing strong.

He took the *Sarah* into his hands,
He drove her in through fire and death
To the wet men waiting on the sands.
He got his load and he got his breath,
And she came about, and the wind fought her.

He shut his eyes and he tried to pray.
He saw his England where she lay,
The wind's green home, the sea's proud daughter,
Still in the moonlight, dreaming deep,
The English cliffs and the English loam—
He had fourteen men to get away,
And the moon was clear and the night like day
For planes to see where the white sails creep
Over the black water.

He closed his eyes and he prayed for her ;
He prayed to the men who had made her great,
Who had built her land of forest and park,
Who had made the seas an English lake ;
He prayed for a fog to bring the dark ;
He prayed to get home for England's sake.

And the fog came down on the rolling sea,
And covered the ships with English mist.
The diving planes were baffled and blind.

For Nelson was there in the *Victory*,
With his one good eye, and his sullen twist,
And guns were out on *The Golden Hind*,
Their shot flashed over the *Sarah P.*
He could hear them cheer as he came about.
By burning wharves, by battered slips,
Galleon, frigate, and brigantine,
The old dead Captains fought their ships,
And the great dead Admirals led the line.
It was England's night, it was England's sea.

The fog rolled over the harbor key.
Bess held to the stays and conned him out.

And all through the dark, while the *Sarah's* wake
Hissed behind him, and vanished in foam,
There at this side sat Francis Drake,
And held him true and steered him home.

The Golden Hind—Drake's ship.

DUNKIRK

By E. J. PRATT

So long as light shall shine upon a world
Which has a human saga for the lyre,
A pennant at a masthead left unfurled,
A name, a title to be writ in fire;
So long as there is drama on the earth
And the wild pulses leap to the grand themes
That dignify our voyaging from birth
To death along the highway of our dreams;

This name shall be the symbol for the soul,
A new Promethean triumph in defeat,
And find its place in the historic scroll
That lists the immortal stand, the great retreat,
Thermopylae, Corunna or Verdun.

Promethean—Prometheus, one of the Titans, stole fire from Heaven for the benefit of mortals, and was chained to a rock in the Caucasus and everlastingly preyed on by eagles for defying the power of Zeus.

Thermopylae—Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were killed to the last man, holding the narrow pass against the Persian host, but gained time for the rest of Greece to get ready.

Verdun—"They shall not pass." With these words of Marshal Petain as their watchword, the French held Verdun against the terrific onslaught of the Germans, though losing over half a million men from February to June, 1916.

HIGH FLIGHT:

John Gillespie Magee, Jr. Killed in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force, December 11, 1941, aged 19 years.

In September, 1941, while John Gillespie Magee, Jr., was in combat training he wrote "High Flight" on the back of a letter to his mother. In December he was killed in action over England. His sonnet has been made the official poem of the British flying forces and is posted in all pilot training centres of the Empire.

HIGH FLIGHT

By JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE, JR.

OH, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue

I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

CAPTAIN COLIN P. KELLY, JR.

(Killed in action off Luzon, December 10, 1941)

By ROBERT NATHAN

ALONE, above Manila's bay,
A falcon on the cloudy height,
He hung, and saw the battered shore,
The stinging hornet-swarm, the tight
Encircling fleet, and answering roar
Of that proud rock, Corregidor.

One bird of God in that still air,
One call to heaven before he fell,
To strike one blow, and strike it true.
He drew his breath and made his prayer,
And said a long and last farewell
To all he loved and all he knew.

He saw the ship in her dark pride,
Haruna of the Setting Sun.
He turned his wings above the wave,
Struck like an angry hawk—and died.
And that great ship went down. No gun
Will ever speak from her deep grave.

God grant our deaths may be as brave.

SECTION IV

THE SEA

JOHN WINTER

By LAURENCE BINYON

WHAT ails John Winter, that so oft
Silent he sits apart?
The neighbours cast their looks on him;
But deep he hides his heart.

In Deptford streets the houses small
Huddle forlorn together.
Whether the wind blow or be still,
'Tis soiled and sorry weather.

But over these dim roofs arise
Tall masts of ocean ships.
Whenever John Winter looked at them
The salt blew on his lips.

He cannot pace the street about,
But they stand before his eyes!
The more he shuns them, the more proud
And beautiful they rise.

He turns his head, but in his ear
The steady Trade-Winds run,
And in his eye the endless waves
Ride on into the sun.

His little child at evening said,
"Now tell us, dad, a tale
Of naked men that shoot with bows,
Tell of the spouting whale!"

He told old tales, his eyes were bright,
His wife looked up to see,
And smiled on him: but in the midst
He ended suddenly.

He bade his boys good-night, and kissed
And held them to his breast.
They wondered and were still, to feel
Their lips so fondly pressed.

He sat absorbed in silent gloom.
His wife lifted her head
From sewing, and stole up to him,
"What ails you, John?" she said.

He spoke no word. A silent tear
Fell softly down her cheek.
She knelt beside him, and his hand
Was on her forehead meek.

But even as his tender touch
Her dumb distress consoled,
The mighty waves danced in his eyes
And through the silence rolled.

There fell a soft November night,
Restless with gusts that shook
The chimneys, and beat wildly down
The flames in the chimney nook.

John Winter lay beside his wife,
'Twas past the mid of night.
Softly he rose, and in dead hush
Stood stealthily upright.

Softly he came where slept his boys,
And kissed them in their bed;
One stretched his arms out in his sleep:
At that he turned his head.

And now he bent above his wife,
She slept a peace serene,
Her patient soul was in the peace
Of breathing slumber seen.

At last, he kissed one aching kiss,
Then shrank again in dread,
And from his own home guiltily
And like a thief he fled.

But now with darkness and the wind
He breathes a breath more free,

And walks with calmer steps, like one
Who goes with destiny.

And see, before him the great masts
Tower with all their spars
Black on the dimness, soaring bold
Among the mazy stars.

In stormy rushings through the air
Wild scents the darkness filled,
And with a fierce forgetfulness
His drinking nostril thrilled.

He hasted with quick feet, he hugged
The wildness to his breast,
As one who goes the only way
To set his heart at rest.

When morning glimmered, a great ship
Dropt gliding down the shore.
John Winter coiled the anchor ropes
Among his mates once more.

THE JERVIS BAY GOES DOWN

By GENE FOWLER

SHE is an old freighter
Of some fourteen thousand tons,
Standing in the roadstead
Of a port somewhere south of Singapore.
She lists a bit,
As if wearied by the typhoons
of the China Seas;
By the whole gales of Tasman;
By the turbulence of wind off Borneo.
Her gear is obsolete,
Her iron skin blistered
Pocked with rust.

Her engines are rheumatic,
And her saw-tooth screw
Will yield less than fourteen knots . . .
She is the old Jervis Bay
Of Australian registry,
Resting, between tides, from her
 obscure drudgeries,
Somewhere south of Singapore.
She nods at her mooring cables,
Head bent to the dry monsoon. 20
The Jervis Bay is nodding, half asleep,
When a gig draws alongside,
And there is brought aboard,
Solemnly, a flag with a blue field—
A storied ensign—emblem of
 Britain's Naval Reserve.
This of itself becomes a
 rousing circumstance
To one so frowzed,
 so drably sleeping,
Somewhere south of Singapore.

Up the starboard ladder-way
There comes a new master, 30
Puffing somewhat with middle age.
He looks about, he looks above, below.
Forward, aft he peers.
His is the manner of a man
 recapturing a memory
He is Fogarty Feegan,
Called from retirement
To command the Jervis Bay.
For ten years Fogarty Feegan
Has walked in his English garden,
Watching the roses bud,
 the violets bloom, 40
Enjoying each miracle of season
That brings white blossoms
 to the hawthorn hedge.
But now he has left his barrow and his slips
To bring the storied ensign, with its blue field—

Blue as the violets of his garden—
Bringing it from afar to the old Jervis Bay.

His voice rolls against the breakwater.
His big hands grasp the teakwood rail.
He swears a bit, and finally
The Jervis Bay awakens. 50
Soon a battery is supplied—
A small one—
Guns of five-inch caliber.
Then, with a hundred young reservists
for her crew,
The Jervis Bay puts out to sea,
From somewhere south of Singapore.

Captain Fogarty Feegan
Has a distant rendezvous
With other old masters,
Summoned from retirement, 60
Called by their King
From their little farms,
From their office stools,
From their fireside chairs,
From the cities and the shires—
For threefold war—earth, sky, sea—
Beggars the world.
Ships go down . . . each day go down,
And bottoms must be had
To bear cargoes to Britain. 70

Now up comes the Jervis Bay,
Up from tropical waters,
Through Suez, through the
Strait of Gibraltar,
Out and across the Atlantic,
And to the Americas.
In a harbor of the North,
And with brave haste, the old hulls
Are laden to their loading lines
With cargoes for Britain.
Captain Fogarty Feegan 80

Listens to the rumbling of winches ;
Hears the samson posts creak ;
Hears the chains and blocks complain ;
Harries his First Officer, Mr. Wilson,
with commands,

As things needful for the life-beat
Of England's great heart
Are stowed aboard.

"Hurry, damme, Mr. Wilson, sir!"

He shouts to his First Officer.

"We are not sleeping now,

90

Mr. Wilson,
Somewhere south of Singapore!"

From a Canadian Bay,
From behind the fog-bank of November dawn,
A convoy line puts out:

Thirty-eight ships put out to sea

With cargoes for Britain,

A consignment to help sustain

The life-beat of England ;

Goods to provision an Isle

That for a thousand years

100

Has prized the freedom

And the dignity of Man.

The gun crews of the Jervis Bay

Sleep beside their battery.

They seem young seminars

With Parka hoods cowlng their heads

To keep out the cold sea-rime.

Night falls, a great and somber hymn.

The night of November fourth—

Nineteen hundred and forty years since

Our Lord—

110

Is an anthem of wind and

small, following sea.

The morning comes like a priest,

Upholding a golden monstrance.

The morning of the fifth

Finds the Jervis Bay and her convoy

Strung like a procession of pilgrims

against the dawn.
 The ship's bell sounds;
 The practice rounds are fired.
 The sun is on the meridian,
 And Fogarty Feegan shoots the sun 120
 For latitude.
 Eight bells again,
 And Fogarty Feegan shoots the sun
 For longitude.
 And then, at five o'clock
 The lookout calls from the crow's-nest;
 "Ship, sir, off the starboard bow!"

Through his glass,
 Fogarty Feegan makes out smoke—
 A black gargoyle in the sky— 130
 East by southeast,
 Then sights a ship, hull down.
 And now a battleship
 Comes boiling over the horizon.
 She opens fire with heavy guns.
 Captain Fogarty Feegan telegraphs
 his engine room
 To strain the boilers till they burst.
 He bellows, curses, brings to bear
 The popguns of his battery
 Against the Goliath armor of the battleship. 140
 He sends up smoke to screen the fleet.
 He orders all the convoy ships
 to scatter wide and fast.

Then Fogarty Feegan
 Sets out alone to meet the battleship.
 Five-inch guns against eleven-inch guns.
 Egg-shell hull against Krupp plate.
 "Damme, Mr. Wilson, sir," he shouts,
 "We're not hearing mandolins today,
 Somewhere south of Singapore!"
 This is a mad thing to do 150
 This sea-charge of the Jervis Bay,
 Yet a sky of dead admirals looks down
 From the Grand Haven,

Looks down at Fogarty Feegan,
Whose senile tub
Steams bow-on for the battleship.
Nelson, Drake, Beatty, Harwood;
Yes, and the Americans:
Porter, Farragut and John Paul Jones,
All look down in wonderment. 160

And now a burst of shrapnel
rakes the Jervis Bay,
And tears the right arm
from the sleeve of Fogarty Feegan.
He does not fall.
He grasps the teakwood rail
with his other hand,
Masking his agony with bellowings
that rise above the guns.
Nor will he let a tourniquet
Be placed upon the stump.
He waves the stump, and Mr. Wilson knows
(And the sky of dead admirals knows)
That if a hand were there, 170
It would be making a great fist.
Still steaming toward the battleship,
Fogarty Feegan keeps his little guns ablaze.
The eyes of the setters
And of the pointers
Grow black and blue from the recoils—
Their eardrums dead.
A salvo comes with the top roll of
the battleship.
And now the ensign—
Emblem with the blue field— 180
Is shot away.
Enraged, bloody, rocking on his heels,
Fogarty Feegan roars
“Hoist another ensign, damme, Mr. Wilson, sir!
Hoist another flag,
That we may fight like Englishmen!”
A boatswain procures a flag
from the locker—

A flag used for the burial of the dead at sea.

"Here, sir," he cries,

As to a brace he bends

The Banner of England.

190

The Jervis Bay, ablaze from stern to bow,

At dusk, still fires her puny guns,

And will not change her course.

Salvos from turrets,

Guns three-over-three,

Make great geysers grow about

The old ship's wake.

But still her guns give voice.

And now she's struck below the water-line.

Her boilers go.

The Jervis Bay begins to settle by the stern.

Yet, sinking, still she faces her antagonist.

Then the waters begin to close over her.

The waters close over Fogarty Feegan,

And over the flag

That once was used for burials at sea.

And now night spreads its shroud.

200

Of thirty-eight ships in the convoy,

Twenty-nine are saved,

Their cargoes saved,

To help sustain the life-beat of England,

While from the sky dead admirals look on,

And claim Captain Fogarty Feegan for their own.

210

The Jervis Bay goes down—

Goes down as no mere casualty of storm,

To rust out, fathoms-deep, in common grave

With sisters unremembered by the years.

The Jervis Bay—of Australian registry,

From somewhere south of Singapore—

Goes down in the history

Of an Isle that for a thousand years

Has prized the freedom

And the dignity of Man.

220

Samson post—stout post or stanchion in the hold of a merchant vessel.

seminars—students. In the middle ages all students were clerics and wore the monkish gown and hood.

monstrance—transparent receptacle in which the consecrated host (the wafer used in the mass as a symbol of the bread broken by Christ at the Last Supper) is shown to the multitude.

Beatty—The brilliant cruiser commander at Jutland, afterwards succeeded Jellicoe as Admiral of the Fleet.

Harwood—in charge of the squadron which crippled the Graf Spee, December, 1939.

Porter and Farragut—Both very daring commanders of gunboats in the attacks on shore batteries along the Mississippi, notably at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, during the Civil War.

John Paul Jones—The first naval hero of the United States. He distinguished himself several times in actions against superior naval forces during the Revolutionary War.

SPANISH WATERS

By JOHN MASEFIELD

SPANISH waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
Like a slow sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten
years;

Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thoughts
to me

Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I
could be.

There's a surf breaks on Los Muertos, and it never stops
to roar,

And it's there we came to anchor, and it's there we went
ashore,

Where the blue lagoon is silent amid snags of rotting trees,
Dropping like the clothes of corpses cast up by the seas.

We anchored at Los Muertos when the dipping sun was red,
We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west of Nigger Head;
And before the mist was on the Cay, before the day was
done,

We were all ashore on Muertos with the gold that we
had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a half-score battered
 chests,
Sinking, in the sucking quagmires to the sunburn on our
 breasts,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, damning at the flies and
 heat,
Longing for a long drink, out of silver, in the ship's cool
 lazareet.

The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure
 down,
There was gear there'd make a beggarman as rich as
 Lima Town,
Copper charms and silver trinkets from the chests of
 Spanish crews,
Gold doubloons and double moidores, louis d'ors and
 portagues,

Clumsy yellow-metal earrings from the Indians of Brazil,
Uncut emeralds out of Rio, bezoar stones from Guayaquil;
 Silver, in the crude and fashioned, pots of old Arica
 bronze,
Jewels from the bones of Incas desecrated by the Dons.

We smoothed the place with mattocks, and we took and
 blazed the tree,
Which marks you where the gear is hid that none will
 ever see,
And we laid aboard the ship again, and south away we
 steers,
Through the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating
 in my ears.

I'm the last alive that knows it. All the rest have gone
 their ways
Killed, or died, or come to anchor in the old Mulatas Cays,
And I go singing, fiddling, old and starved and in despair,
And I know where all that gold is hid, if I were only there.

It's not the way to end it all. I'm old, and nearly blind,
And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves
 his mind.

And I see in dreams, awhile, the beach, the sun's disc
dipping red,
And the tall ship, under topsails, swaying in past Nigger
Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad to take a pick and go
To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in the place no others
know,
And lift the gold and silver that has mouldered there for
years
By the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my
ears.

lazareet—store room near the stern.

bezoar stones—supposed to be an antidote to poison.

Guayaquil—in Ecuador.

cays—small islets of the Caribbean.

LUCK

By WILFRID GIBSON

*What bring you, sailor, home from the sea—
Coffers of gold and of ivory?*

When first I went to sea as a lad
A new jack-knife was all I had:

And I've sailed for fifty years and three
To the coasts of gold and of ivory:

And now at the end of a lucky life,
Well, still I've got my old jack-knife.

THE MASTER OF THE SCUD

By BLISS CARMAN

THERE's a schooner out from Kingsport,
Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy
With a norther on her beam.

How the tough wind springs to wrestle,
When the tide is on the flood!
And between them stands young daring—
Arnold, Master of the Scud.

He is only "Martin's youngster,"
To the Minas coasting fleet,
"Twelve year old and full of Satan
As a nut is full of meat."

With a wake of froth behind him,
And the gold green waste before,
Just as though the sea this morning
Were his boat pond by the door.

Legs a-straddle, grips the tiller
This young waif of the old sea;
When the wind comes harder, only
Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free.

Little wonder, as you watch him,
With the dash in his blue eye,
Long ago his father called him
"Arnold, Master," on the sly.

While his mother's heart forboded
Reckless father makes rash son,
So to-day the schooner carries
Just these two whose will is one.

Now the wind grows moody, shifting
Point by point into the east,
Wing and wing the Scud is flying
With her scuppers full of yeast.

And the father's older wisdom
On the sea-line has descried,
Like a stealthy cloud-bank making
Up to windward with the tide,

Those tall navies of disaster,
The pale squadrons of the fog,
That maraud this gray world border
Without pilot, chart, or log.

Ranging wanton as marooners
From Minudie to Manan,
"Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!"
Cries he; when no will of man

Spills the foresail, but a clumsy
Wind-flaw with a hand like stone
Hurls the boom round. In an instant
Arnold, Master, there alone,

Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward
With the gray doom in its face;
And the climbing foam receives it
To its everlasting place.

What does Arnold, Master, think you?
Whimper like a child for dread?
That's not Arnold. Foulest weather
Strongest sailors ever bred.

And this slip of taut sea-faring
Grows a man who throttles fear.
Let the storm and dark in spite now
Do their worst with valour here!

Not a reef and not a shiver,
While the wind jeers in her shrouds,

THE MASTER OF THE SCUD

And the Flauts of foam and sea-fog
Swarm upon her deck in crowds,

Flies the Scud like a mad racer ;
And with iron in his frown,
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,
Arnold, Master, rides her down.

Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads !
Let the licking seas go glut
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled !
Arnold's making for the Gut.

Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains
Give that one port on the coast ;
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine !
Missed, the little Scud is lost !

Come now, fog-horn, let your warning
Rip the wind to starboard there !
Suddenly that burly-throated
Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

The young master hauls a little,
Crowds her up and sheets her home,
Heading for the narrow entry
Whence the safety signals come.

Then the wind lulls, and an eddy
Tells of ledges, where away ;
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,
Through the rifts, and—there's the bay !

Like a bird in from the storm-beat,
As the summer sun goes down,
Slows the schooner to her moorings
By the wharf at Digby town.

All the world next morning wondered,
Largest letters, there it stood,
"Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring.
Arnold, Master of the Scud."

THE SEA

By LEWIS CARROLL

THERE are certain things—a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the SEA.

POUR some salt water over the floor—
Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be:
Suppose it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the SEA.

BEAT a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree:
Suppose that one did so day and night,
That would be like the SEA.

I had a vision of nursery-maids;
Tens of thousands passed by me—
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the SEA.

WHO invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could—
Or one that loved the SEA.

IT is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free";
But suppose you are very unwell in a boat,
How do you like the SEA?

THERE is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee")
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the SEA.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—
By all means choose the SEA.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then—I recommend the SEA.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,
Pleasant friends they are to me!
It is when with them I wonder most
That anyone likes the SEA.

They take me a walk: though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree:
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the SEA.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool,
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold SEA.

SECTION V

THE OUTDOORS

DAVID:

The mountaineering exploits celebrated in this poem all take place in the Rockies around Banff. One or two places are unidentifiable, under the names given to them in the poem, but most of the others are well known. The Sawback Range is west of Banff; Sundance Canyon is a favourite visiting place for tourists three or four miles out of town; Inglismaldie is the highest peak of the short range of mountains familiar to all who have looked east from the terrace of the Banff Springs Hotel, and to thousands of others who have seen photographs of this famous view; and Assiniboine, the beautiful lone pyramid thirty-five miles southwest of Banff has also adorned myriads of postcards.

DAVID

By EARLE BIRNEY

I

DAVID and I that summer cut trails on the Survey,
All week in the valley for wages, in air that was steeped
In the wail of mosquitoes, but over the sunalive weekends
We climbed, to get from the ruck of the camp, the surly

Poker, the wrangling, the snoring under the fetid
Tents, and because we had joy in our lengthening coltish
Muscles, and mountains for David were made to see over,
Stairs from the valleys and steps to the sun's retreats.

II

Our first was Mount Gleam. We hiked in the long afternoon
To a curling lake and lost the lure of the faceted
Cone in the swell of its sprawling shoulders. Past
The inlet we grilled our bacon, the strips festooned

On a poplar prong, in the hurrying slant of the sunset.
Then the two of us rolled in the blanket while round us
the cold

Pines thrust at the stars. The dawn was a floating
Of mists till we reached to the slopes above timber, and won

To snow like fire in the sunlight. The peak was upthrust
Like a fist in a frozen ocean of rock that swirled
Into valleys the moon could be rolled in. Remotely unfurling
Eastward the alien prairie glittered. Down through the dusty

Skree on the west we descended, and David showed me
How to use the give of shale for giant incredible
Strides. I remember, before the larches' edge,
That I jumped a long green surf of juniper flowing

Away from the wind, and landed in gentian and saxifrage
Spilled on the moss. Then the darkening firs
And the sudden whirring of water that knifed down a fern-
hidden
Cliff and splashed unseen into mist in the shadows.

III

One Sunday on Rampart's arête a rainsquall caught us,
And passed, and we clung by our blueing fingers and boot-
nails
An endless hour in the sun, not daring to move
Till the ice had steamed from the slate. And David
taught me

How time on a knife-edge can pass with the guessing of
fragments
Remembered from poets, the naming of strata beside one,
And matching of stories from schooldays . . . We crawled
astride
The peak to feast on the marching ranges flagged

By the fading shreds of the shattered stormcloud. Linger
There it was David who spied to the south, remote,
And unmapped, a sunlit spire on Sawback, an overhang
Crooked like a talon. David named it the Finger.

That day we chanced on the skull and the splayed white ribs
Of a mountain goat underneath a cliff, caught tight
On a rock. Around were the silken feathers of kites.
And that was the first I knew that a goat could slip.

IV

And then Inglismaldie. Now I remember only
The long ascent of the lonely valley, the live
Pine spirally scarred by lightning, the slicing pipe
Of invisible pika, and great prints, by the lowest

Snow, of a grizzly. There it was too that David
Taught me to read the scroll of coral in limestone
And the beetle-seal in the shale of ghostly trilobites,
Letters delivered to man from the Cambrian waves.

V

On Sundance we tried from the col and the going was hard.
The air howled from our feet to the smudged rocks
And the papery lake below. At an outthrust we balked
Till David clung with his left to a dint in the scarp,

Lobbed the iceaxe over the rocky lip,
Slipped from his holds and hung by the quivering pick,
Twisted his long legs up into space and kicked
To the crest. Then grinning, he reached with his freckled
wrist

And drew me up after. We set a new time for that climb.
That day returning we found a robin gyrating
In grass, wing-broken. I caught it to tame but David
Took and killed it, and said, "Could you teach it to fly?"

VI

In August, the second attempt, we ascended The Fortress.
By the forks of the Spray we caught five trout and fried
them
Over a balsam fire. The woods were alive
With the vaulting of mule-deer and drenched with clouds
all the morning,

Till we burst at noon to the flashing and floating round
Of the peaks. Coming down we picked in our hats the
 bright
And sunhot raspberries, eating them under a mighty
Spruce, while a marten moving like quicksilver scouted us.

VII

But always we talked of the Finger on Sawback, unknown
And hooked, till the first afternoon in September we slogged
Through the musky woods, past a swamp that quivered with
 frog-song,
And camped by a bottle-green lake. But under the cold

Breath of the glacier sleep would not come, the moon-light
Etching the Finger. We rose and trod past the feathery
Larch, while the stars went out, and the quiet heather
Flushed, and the skyline pulsed with the surging bloom

Of incredible dawn in the Rockies. David spotted
Bighorns across the moraine and sent them leaping.
With yodels the ramparts redoubled and rolled to the peaks,
And the peaks to the sun. The ice in the morning thaw

Was a gurgling world of crystal and cold blue chasms,
And seracs that shone like frozen saltgreen waves.
At the base of the Finger we tried once and failed.

 Then David

Edged to the west and discovered the chimney; the last

Hundred feet we fought the rock and shouldered and kneed
Our way for an hour and made it. Unroping we formed
A chain on the rotting tip. Then I turned to look north
At the glistening wedge of giant Assiniboine, heedless

Of handhold. And one foot gave. I swayed and shouted.
David turned sharp and reached out his arm and steadied me
Turning again with a grin and his lips ready
To jest. But the strain crumbled his foothold. Without

A gasp he was gone. I froze to the sound of grating
Edge-nails and fingers, the slither of stones, the lone
Second of silence, the nightmare thud. Then only
The wind and the muted beat of unknowing cascades.

VIII

Somehow I worked down the fifty impossible feet
To the ledge, calling and getting no answer but echoes
Released in the cirque, and trying not to reflect
What an answer would mean. He lay still, with his lean

Young face upturned and strangely unmarred, but his legs
Splayed beneath him, beside the final drop,
Six hundred feet sheer to the ice. My throat stopped
When I reached him, for he was alive. He opened his grey

Straight eyes and brokenly murmured "over . . . over."
And I, feeling beneath him a cruel fang
Of the ledge thrust in his back, but not understanding,
Mumbled stupidly, "Best not to move," and spoke

Of his pain. But he said, "I can't move . . . If only I felt
Some pain." Then my shame stung the tears to my eyes
As I crouched, and I cursed myself, but he cried,
Louder, "No, Bobbie! Don't ever blame yourself.

I didn't test my foothold." He shut the lids
Of his eyes to the stare of the sky, while I moistened his lips
From our water flask and tearing my shirt into strips
I swabbed the shredded hands. But the blood slid

From his side and stained the stone and the thirsting lichens,
And yet I dared not lift him up from the gore
Of the rock. Then he whispered, "Bob, I want to go over!"
This time I knew what he meant and I grasped for a lie

And said, "I'll be back here by midnight with ropes
And men from the camp and we'll cradle you out."

But I knew

That the day and the night must pass and the cold dews
Of another morning before such men unknowing

The ways of mountains could win to the chimney's top.
And then, how long? And he knew . . . and the hell of hours
After that, if he lived till we came, roping him out.
But I curled beside him and whispered, "The bleeding will
stop.

You can last." He said only, "Perhaps . . . For what?

A wheelchair,

Bob?" His eyes brightening with fever upbraided me.
I could not look at him more and said, "Then I'll stay
With you." But he did not speak, for the clouding fever.

I lay dazed and stared at the long valley,
The glistening hair of a creek on the rug stretched
By the firs, while the sun leaned round and flooded the ledge,
The moss, and David still as a broken doll.

I hunched to my knees to leave, but he called and his voice
Now was sharpened with fear. "For Christ's sake push
me over!

If I could move . . . Or die . . ." The sweat ran from his
forehead,

But only his head moved. A kite was buoying

Blackly its wings over the wrinkled ice,
The purr of a waterfall rose and sank with the wind.
Above us climbed the last joint of the Finger
Beckoning bleakly the wide indifferent sky.

Even then in the sun it grew cold lying there . . . And I knew
He had tested his holds. It was I who had not . . . I looked
At the blood on the ledge, and the far valley. I looked
At last in his eyes. He breathed, "I'd do it for you, Bob."

IX

I will not remember how nor why I could twist
Up the wind-devilled peak, and down through the chimney's
empty
Horror, and over the traverse alone. I remember
Only the pounding fear I would stumble on It

When I came to the grave-cold maw of the bergschrund
 . . . reeling
Over the sun-cankered snowbridge, shying the caves
In the *nêvé* . . . the fear, and the need to make sure It
 was there
On the ice, the running and falling and running, leaping
Of gaping greenthroated crevasses, alone and pursued
By the Finger's lengthening shadow. At last through the
 fanged
And blinding seracs I slid to the milky wrangling
Falls at the glacier's snout, through the rocks piled huge
On the humped moraine, and into the spectral larches,
Alone. By the glooming lake I sank and chilled
My mouth but I could not rest and stumbled still
To the valley, losing my way in the ragged marsh.

I was glad of the mire that covered the stains, on my ripped
Boots, of his blood, but panic was on me, the reek
Of the bog, the purple glimmer of toadstools obscene
In the twilight. I staggered clear to a firewaste, tripped
And fell with a shriek on my shoulder. It somehow eased
My heart to know I was hurt, but I did not faint
And I could not stop while over me hung the range
Of the Sawback. In blackness I searched for the trail
 by the creek

And found it . . . My feet squelched a slug and horror
Rose again in my nostrils. I hurled myself
Down the path. In the woods behind some animal yelped.
Then I saw the glimmer of tents and babbled my story.

I said that he fell straight to the ice where they found him,
And none but the sun and incurious clouds have lingered
Around the marks of that day on the ledge of the Finger,
That day, the last of my youth, on the last of our mountains.

Skree—broken rock.

gentian—a mountain flower growing in purple or golden clusters.

pika—Rocky mountain cony.

trilobites—early fossils.

Cambrian—part of one of the early geologic periods.

scarp—steep mountain face.

seracs—large angular blocks or tower-shaped forms as large as buildings into which glacier ice breaks in passing down steep inclines.

chimney—narrow space between two cliffs, climbed by pressing with feet against one wall and back against the other and edging oneself carefully up.

cirque—amphitheatre formed by steep cliffs, generally with a small lake at the base.

bergschrund—crevasse or series of crevasses in snowfield at head of a glacier near the cliff base.

nevé—consolidated snow on mountain summits, resembling sand grains.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

WINTER NIGHTFALL:

In England it was the common custom for much of the grain to be stacked for winter threshing, and during the winter steam-driven threshing outfits would travel from farm to farm.

WINTER NIGHTFALL

By ROBERT BRIDGES

THE day begins to droop,—
Its course is done:
But nothing tells the place
Of the setting sun.

The hazy darkness deepens,
And up the lane
You may hear, but cannot see,
The homing wain.

An engine pants and hums
In the farm hard by:
Its lowering smoke is lost
In the lowering sky.

The soaking branches drip,
And all night through
The dropping will not cease
In the avenue.

A tall man there in the house
Must keep his chair:
He knows he will never again
Breathe the spring air:

His heart is worn with work;
He is giddy and sick
If he rise to go as far
As the nearest rick:

He thinks of his morn of life,
His hale, strong years;
And braves as he may the night
Of darkness and tears.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock,

And you har th' kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-
cock,

And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;

O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,

With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the
stock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kind o' harty-like about the atmusfere

When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,

And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the
bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days

Is a pictur' that no painter has the colourin' to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,
 And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
 The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like, but still
 A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
 The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
 The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
 O, it sets my hart a -clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
 Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller heaps;
 And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmen-folks is
 through

With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and
 sausage too! . . .

I don't know how to tell it—but if such a thing could be
 As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on *me*—
 I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

IN THE BARNYARD'S SOUTHERLY CORNER

By C. G. D. ROBERTS

WHEN the frost is white on the fodder stack,
 The haws in the thornbush withered and black,
 When the near fields flash in a diamond mail,
 And the fall hills glimmer opaline pale,
 Oh merrily shines the morning sun
 In the barnyard's southerly corner.

When the ruts in the cart road ring like steel,
 And the birds to the kitchen door come for their meal,
 And the snow at the gate is lightly drifted,
 And over the woodpile thinly sifted,
 Oh merrily shines the morning sun
 In the barnyard's southerly corner.

When the brimming bucket steams at the well,
And the axe on the beech knot sings like a bell,
When the pond is loud with the skaters' calls,
And the horses stamp in the littered stalls,
 Oh merrily shines the morning sun
 In the barnyard's southerly corner.

When the hay lies loose on the wide barn floor,
And a sharp smell puffs from the stable door,
When the pitchfork handle stings in the hand,
And the stanchioned cows for the milking stand,
 Oh merrily shines the morning sun
 In the barnyard's southerly corner.

And the steers let out for a drink and run,
Seek the warm corner one by one,
And the huddling sheep in their dusty white,
Nose at the straw in the pleasant light,
 When merrily shines the morning sun
 In the barnyard's southerly corner.

TEMAGAMI

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

FAR in the grim Northwest beyond the lines
That turn the rivers eastward to the sea,
Set with a thousand islands, crowned with pines,
Lies the deep water, wild Temagami:
Wild for the hunter's roving, and the use
Of trappers in its dark and trackless vales,
Wild with the tramping of the giant moose,
And the weird magic of old Indian tales.
All day with steady paddles toward the west
Our heavy-laden long canoe we pressed:
All day we saw the thunder-travelled sky
Purpled with storm in many a trailing tress,
And saw at eve the broken sunset die
In crimson on the silent wilderness.

Temagami—a large lake north of Lake Huron.

VIOLET AND OAK

By W. H. DAVIES

DOWN through the trees is my green walk
It is so narrow there and dark
That all the end, that's seen afar,
Is a dot of daylight, like a star.
When I had walked half-way or more,
I saw a pretty, small, blue flower;
And, looking closer, I espied
A small green stranger at her side.
If that flower's sweetheart lives to die
A natural death, thought I—
What will have happened by then
To a world of ever restless men?
'My little new-born oak,' I said,
'If my soul lives when I am dead,
I'll have an hour or more with you
Five hundred years from now!
When your straight back's so strong that though
Your leaves were lead on every bough,
It would not break—I'll think of you
When, weak and small, your sweetheart was
A little violet in the grass.'

SECTION VI

PIONEERING

THE OREGON TRAIL:

The Oregon Trail, the longest and most famous of the overland trails to the West, was well over 2,000 miles from its starting point in North Western Missouri to its end in the fertile coastal valley of Oregon, south of Portland, where there was free land in plenty. The trail followed the Missouri, branched up the North Platte to Fort Laramie, crossed all the Indian territory of what is now Southern Wyoming, followed the Snake Valley through Southern Idaho and eastern Oregon, then cut across the Blue Mountains to Pendleton and down to the Columbia, and so to Portland. The wagon journey over the rough road took five months, but in spite of all the hardships nine thousand people went over the trail in 1847, five years after the first group of settlers had pioneered it. Today much of the once desert country is fertile, irrigated farm land, dotted with pleasant prosperous towns, but there are still long weary stretches of nothing but sage brush, sun and rattlesnakes, with no shade and few springs of clear water.

THE OREGON TRAIL: 1851

By JAMES MARSHALL

OUT they came from Liberty, out across the plains,
Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and easy-shooting,
Whips cracking; oaths snapping . . .

Hear those banjos wail—
Emigratin' westward on the Oregon Trail.

Squishing thru the mudholes; drunken with the rain,
Turn your face to heaven, boy—and punch those bulls
again;

Onward to the sunset; Hallelujah! Sing!
Don't let nothing stop yuh! Not a consarned thing!
White sails of schooners, snapping in the wind,
Oregon ahead of us—good-by, to them behind!
Free land in Oregon!

Thru the prairie gale
Emigratin' westward on the free land trail.

The blasted heathens, Rickarees and Sioux,
Aim across the wagon wheel and drill the varmints thru.
Line 'em up, line 'em out, pray the tugs'll hold,

Wheels a -screeching glory thru the sunset's gold;
Keep y'r musket handy, trigger on the cock,
Peel y'r eyes, kid, if you'd see old Independence Rock!
Took our luck right in our hands; can't afford to fail—
Hittin' f'r the westward on the bone-strewed trail.

Put y'r faith in God, friends, and conquer everything!
Line them millin' leaders out, get the bulls a-going—
Got to get to Oregon!

West winds blowing

Bitter from the Stonies, looming blue ahead,
Wagons bogged in prairie mud, teams stuck fast,
Heave the tumbled baggage off, clean the wagon bed,
Sweat and curse and on again, freed at last,
On again and damn the rain, buck the wind and hail—
Emigratin' westward on the Oregon Trail.

Onward thru the mountains, lifting to the blue,
Up and thru the rock cuts, weaving to the pass;
Old Ezra stopped here, where his spirit flew,
Left his little gran'child, such a pretty lass;
Ben's a-goin' to take her; that'll make him eight—
God sure'll bless him for his kindly thought.
Hitch up and roll again. Hi, 's gettin late
And this old defile ain't no place t'be caught;
No time for sorrowing, tear-eyed and pale—
Got to keep a-movin' on the Oregon Trail.

Can't see the wagon tracks; trail's pinched out;
Nothing but the snow peaks and shale-rock slopes,
Outspan the bull-teams; we'll heave them wagons
Upside and over with the rawhide ropes—
Pounding thru the chill wind, shirts sweat-black,
Oh! But I wisht I was back down in Liberty!
Pull, there, you quitter! for in the starlight,
Sunup's a-comin' on the western sea,
Yellow beams of glory-glow, floodin' the snow peaks—
There lies Oregon! Glory to Thee!

Punch up the bull-teams, tune up the banjo,
Hallelujah! Praise God, kneeling in the snow,

Land of the dripping fir, land of the homestead,
Oregon! Oregon! Beckoning below—
All out from Liberty, out across the ranges,
Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and glory-singing,
Whips cracking, oaths snapping, bull-teams slogging on,
Babes a-borning, men a-dying, trail shouts ringing—
Here come the conquerors
 (And there lie the frail)
Roaring to the sunset on the Oregon Trail!

Independence Rock—a great granite boulder on the north bank of the Sweetwater River, Wyoming; a famous Oregon trail landmark.

WESTERN WAGONS

By ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THEY went with axe and rifle, when the trail was still to
 blaze,
They went with wife and children, in the prairie-schooner
 days,
With banjo and with frying pan—Susanna, don't you cry!
For I'm off to California to get rich out there or die!

We've broken land and cleared it, but we're tired of where
 we are.

They say that wild Nebraska is a better place by far.
There's gold in far Wyoming, there's black earth in Ioway,
So pack up the kids and blankets, for we're moving out
 today!

The cowards never started and the weak died on the road,
And all across the continent the endless campfires glowed.
*We'd taken land and settled—but a traveler passed by—
And we're going West tomorrow—Lordy, never ask us why!*

We're going West tomorrow, where the promises can't fail.
O'er the hills in legions, boys, and crowd the dusty trail!
We shall starve and freeze and suffer. We shall die, and
 tame the lands.
But we're going West tomorrow, with our fortune in our
 hands.

Susanna—song sung by the Forty-Niners.

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

My father, he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer;
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother, she was merry and brave,
And so she came to her labour,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave
And a stream for her comforting neighbour.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion;
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles;
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles.

The cabin logs, with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
The fiddle squeaking and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great, old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons;
And I sowed my sons like apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster.
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"

But I could not live when they fenced the land.
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there;
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

Now I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil,
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild-geese flying;
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

Ewer—water jug.

bayberry candles—made from the fragrant green wax yielded by the wax myrtle or bayberry.

puncheon floor—made of timbers roughly dressed with axe or adze.

Kentucky—known to the Indians as the Dark and Bloody Ground, from the incessant wars for its possession between the Iroquois and Cherokees.

Salem Clipper—from Salem, Massachusetts in the palmy days of the oriental trade sailed the proudest of the American tea clippers.

Alamo—captured by the Mexicans in the Texan war of Independence, 1836, and all its garrison of 183 slaughtered.

Custer—his small force was wiped out by a big band of Sioux Indians in Montana, June 24th, 1876.

STARVING TO DEATH ON A GOVERNMENT
CLAIM

(OLD SONG)

My name is Frank Bolar, lone bachelor I am,
I'm keepin' old bach on an elegant plan.
You'll find me out West in the County of Lane
Starving to death on a government claim;
My house it is built of the national soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle,
The roof has no pitch but is level and plain
And I always get wet when it happens to rain.

But hurrah for Lane County, the land of the free,
The home of the grasshopper, bedbug, and flea,
I'll sing loud her praises and boast of her fame
While starving to death on my government claim.
My clothes they are ragged, my language is rough,
My head is case-hardened, both solid and tough;
The dough it is scattered all over the room
And the floor would get scared at the sight of a broom;
My dishes are dirty and some in the bed
Covered with sorghum and government bread;
But I have a good time and live at my ease
On common sop-sorghum, old bacon, and grease.

But hurrah for Lane County, the land of the West,
Where the farmers and laborers are always at rest,
Where you've nothing to do but sweetly remain,
And starve like a man on your government claim.

How happy am I when I crawl into bed,
And a rattlesnake rattles his tail at my head,
And the gay little centipede, void of all fear,
Crawls over my pillow and into my ear,
And the nice little bedbug, so cheerful and bright,
Keeps me a-scratching full half of the night,
And the gay little flea with toes sharp as a tack
Plays "Why don't you catch me?" all over my back.

But hurrah for Lane County, where blizzards arise,
 Where the winds never cease and the flea never dies,
 Where the sun is so hot if in it you remain
 'Twill burn you quite black on your government claim,

How happy am I on my government claim,
 There I've nothing to lose and nothing to gain,
 Nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
 Nothing from nothing is honest and square.
 But here I am stuck, and here I must stay,
 My money's all gone and I can't get away ;
 There's nothing will make a man hard and profane
 Like starving to death on a government claim.

Then come to Lane County, there's room for you all,
 Where the winds never cease and the rains never fall,
 Come join in the chorus and boast of her fame,
 While starving to death on your government claim.

Now don't get discouraged, ye poor hungry men,
 We're here as free as a pig in a pen ;
 Just stick to your homestead and battle your fleas,
 And pray to your Maker to send you a breeze.
 Now a word to claim holders who are bound for to
 stay :
 You may chew your hardtack till you're toothless and
 gray,
 But as for me, I'll no longer remain
 And starve like a dog on my government claim.

Hoyle—the author of the standard book of rules governing card games.

sorghum—a sort of molasses made from the juice of sorghum, a cereal grass.

THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

FAR up in the wild and wintry hills in the heart of the cliff-
broken woods,
Where the moulded drifts lie soft and deep in the noiseless
solitudes,
The hut of the lonely woodcutter stands, a few rough beams
that show
A blunted peak and a low black line, from the glittering
waste of snow.
In the frost-still dawn from his roof goes up in the wind-
less, motionless air,
The thin, pink curl of leisurely smoke; through the forest
white and bare
The woodcutter follows his narrow trail, and the morning
rings and cracks
With the rhythmic jet of his sharp-blown breath and the
echoing shout of his axe.
Only the waft of the wind besides, or the stir of some
hardy bird—
The call of the friendly chickadee, or the pat of the nut-
hatch—is heard;
Or a rustle comes from a dusky clump, where the busy
siskins feed,
And scatter the dimpled sheet of the snow with the shells
of the cedar-seed.
Day after day the woodcutter toils untiring with axe and
wedge,
Till the jingling teams come up from the road that runs
by the valley's edge,
With plunging of horses, and hurling of snow, and many
a shouted word,
And carry away the keen-scented fruit of his cutting, cord
upon cord.
Not the sound of a living foot comes else, not a moving
visitant there,
Save the delicate step of some halting doe, or the sniff of a
prowling bear.

And only the stars are above him at night, and the trees
that creak and groan,
And the frozen, hard-swept mountain-crests with their silent
fronts of stone,
As he watches the sinking glow of his fire and the watering
flames uncaught,
Cleaning his rifle or mending his moccasins, sleepy and slow
of thought.
Or when the fierce snow comes, with the rising wind, from
the gray north-east,
He lies through the leaguering hours in his bunk like a
winter-hidden beast,
Or sits on the hard-packed earth, and smokes by his draught-
blown guttering fire,
Without thought or remembrance, hardly awake, and waits
for the storm to tire.
Scarcely he hears from the rock-rimmed heights to the wild
ravines below,
Near and far off, the limitless wings of the tempest hurl
and go
In roaring gusts that plunge through the cracking forest,
and lull, and lift,
All day without stint and all night long with the sweep of
the hissing drift.
But winter shall pass ere long with its hills of snow and
its fettered dreams,
And the forest shall glimmer with living gold, and chime
with the gushing of streams;
Millions of little points of plants shall prick through its
matted floor,
And the wind-flower lift and uncurl her silken buds by the
woodman's door;
The sparrow shall see and exult; but lo! as the spring
draws gaily on,
The woodcutter's hut is empty and bare, and the master
that made it is gone.
He is gone where the gathering of valley men another
labour yields,
To handle the plough and the harrow, and scythe, in the
heat of the summer fields.

He is gone with his corded arms, and his ruddy face, and
his moccasined feet,
The animal man in his warmth and vigour, sound, and hard,
and complete.
And all summer long, round the lonely hut, the black earth
burgeons and breeds,
Till the spaces are filled with the tall-plumed ferns and the
triumphing forest-weeds;
The thick, wild raspberries hem its walls, and stretching
on either hand,
The red-ribbed stems and the giant-leaves of the sovereign
spikenard stand.
So lonely and silent it is, so withered and warped with
the sun and snow,
You would think it the fruit of some dead men's toil a
hundred years ago;
And he who finds it suddenly there, as he wanders far
and alone,
Is touched with a sweet and beautiful sense of something
tender and gone,
The sense of a struggling life in the waste, and the mark
of a soul's command,
The going and coming of vanished feet, the touch of a
human hand.

siskins—a small forest bird of the finch family.

spikenard—aromatic plant of the sarsaparilla family, not related to the old world plant from which the costly oil of spikenard mentioned in the Bible was procured.

SECTION VII

PEOPLE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
And hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

JIM BLUDSO:

For a stirring prose account of old-time steamboat races on the Mississippi read Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi".

JIM BLUDSO

By JOHN HAY

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the *Prairie Belle*?

He warn't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire;
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.
Thar was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.

And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He warn't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen,
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Natchez—is built on bluffs overlooking the river.

THE DYING HOGGER

(Anonymous)

A HOGGER on his deathbed lay.
His life was oozing fast away;
The snakes and stingers round him pressed
To hear the hogger's last request.
He said, "Before I bid adieu,
One last request I'll make of you;
Before I soar beyond the stars,
Just hook me on to ninety cars.

"A marble slab I do not crave;
Just mark the head of my lonely grave
With a drawbar pointing to the skies,
Showing the spot where this hogger lies.
Oh, just once more before I'm dead
Let me stand the conductor on his head;
Let me see him crawl from under the wreck
With a way car window sash around his neck.

“And you, dear friends, I’ll have to thank,
 If you’ll let me die at the water tank,
 Within my ears that old-time sound,
 The tallow pot pulling the tank spout down.
 And when at last in the grave I’m laid,
 Let it be in the cool of the water tank shade.
 And put within my cold, still hand
 A monkey-wrench and the old oilcan.”

—From THE AMERICAN SONGBAG.

hogger—engineer.

snakes and stingers—section men and roundhouse hands.

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

By ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in
 the shade.

Old man, you’ve had your work cut out to guide
 Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
 All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at ‘Moorabinda’ was a mist-rack dull and dense,
 The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;

I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot’s bound’ry fence,
 I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through
 the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
 To southward lay ‘Katawa’, with the sandpeaks all ablaze,
 And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to
 Lindisfarm,

And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
 From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear
 and calm,

You can see Sylvester’s woolshed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch ;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station
roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs ;
Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

Aye ! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat ;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn
ranges rang
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and 'Acrobat'.
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the
heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed ;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled under-
neath !
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed !

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the
grey,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bush-rangers
at bay,
In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind !
There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse
to horse,
And you rolled together when the chestnut reared ;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-
course—
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard !

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when
life was young

Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem
Roper sung;

And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business
with the cards,

It matters little what became of him;
But a steer ripped up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,
And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-swim;
And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful
wreck,

In 'the horrors,' at the Upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrook, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck,
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!
Ah.' those days and nights we squandered at the Logans'
in the glen—

The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees
grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;

And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight
swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms
wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers
on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

dingo—wild dog of Australia.

Bushrangers—criminals who have taken to the woods.

"wine that maketh glad the heart of man"—see Psalm 104.

wattle—species of acacia tree.

GOLIATH

By WALTER DE LA MARE

STILL as a mountain with dark pines and sun
He stood between the armies, and his shout
Rolled from the empyrean above the host:
"Bid any little flea ye have come forth,
And wince at death upon my finger-nail!"
He turned his large-boned face; and all his steel
Tossed into beams the lustre of the noon;
And all the shaggy horror of his locks
Rustled like locusts in a field of corn.
The meagre pupil of his shameless eye
Moved like a cormorant over a glassy sea.
He stretched his limbs, and laughed into the air,
To feel the groaning sinews of his breast,
And the long gush of his swollen arteries pause:
And, nodding, wheeled, towering in all his height.
Then, like a wind that hushes, he gazed and saw
Down, down, far down upon the untroubled green
A shepherd-boy that swung a little sling.

Goliath shut his lids to drive that mote
Which vexed the eastern azure of his eye
Out of his vision; and stared down again.
Yet stood the youth there, ruddy in the flare
Of his vast shield, nor spake, nor quailed, gazed up,
As one might scan a mountain to be scaled.
Then, as it were, a voice unearthly still
Cried in the cavern of his bristling ear,
"His name is Death!" . . . And, like the flush
That dyes Sahara to its lifeless verge,
His brows' bright brass flamed into sudden crimson;
And his great spear leapt upward, lightning-like,
Shaking a dreadful thunder in the air;
Spun betwixt earth and sky, bright as a berg
That hoards the sunlight in a myriad spires,
Crashed: and struck echo through an army's heart.
Then paused Goliath, and stared down again.
And fleet-foot Fear from rolling orbs perceived
Steadfast, unharmed, a stooping shepherd-boy
Frowning upon the target of his face.
And wrath tossed suddenly up once more his hand;
And a deep groan grieved all his strength in him.
He breathed; and, lost in dazzling darkness, prayed—
Besought his reins, his gloating gods, his youth:
And turned to smite what he no more could see.
Then sped the singing pebble-messenger,
The chosen of the Lord from Israel's brooks,
Fleet to its mark, and hollowed a light path
Down to the appalling Babel of his brain.
And like the smoke of dreaming Souffrière
Dust rose in cloud, spread wide, slow silted down
Softly all softly on his armour's blaze.

Souffrière—volcano on the island of Saint Vincent, West Indies.

FORGETFUL PA

By EDGAR A. GUEST

My Pa says that he used to be
A bright boy in geography;
An' when he went to school he knew

The rivers an' the mountains, too,
An' all the capitals of States
An' boundary lines an' all the dates
They joined the Union. But last night
When I was studyin' to recite
I asked him if he would explain
The leading industries of Maine—
He thought an' thought an' thought a lot,
An' said, "I knew, but I've forgot."

My Pa says when he was in school
He got a hundred as a rule;
An' grammar was a thing he knew
Becoz he paid attention to
His teacher, an' he learned the way
To write good English, an' I should say
The proper things, an' I should be
As good a boy in school as he.
But once I asked him could he give
Me help with the infinitive—
He scratched his head and said: "Great Scott!
I used to know but I've forgot."

My Pa says when he was a boy
Arithmetic was just a toy;
He learned his tables mighty fast
An' every term he always passed,
An' had good marks, an' teacher said:
"That youngster surely has a head."
But just the same I notice now
Most every time I ask him how
To find the common multiple,
He says, "That's most unusual!
Once I'd have told you on the spot,
But somehow, Sonny, I've forgot."
I'm tellin' you just what is what,
My Pa's forgot an awful lot!

ANTHONY CRUNDLE

By JOHN DRINKWATER

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
 ANTHONY CRUNDLE
 FARMER, OF THIS PARISH,
 WHO DIED IN 1849 AT THE AGE OF 82.
 "HE DELIGHTED IN MUSIC"

R.I.P.

AND OF SUSAN

FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS HIS WIFE,
 WHO DIED IN 1860, AGED 86.

ANTHONY CRUNDLE of Dorrington Wood
 Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
 For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
 Under the perry and cider tree;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
 With cattle afield and labouring ewe,
 Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
 And played of a night to himself and Sue;
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
 And Susan for fifty years and three,
 And Dorrington Wood at the end of day . . .
 May Providence do no worse by me;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

perry—drink made from pears.

OLD SUSAN

By WALTER DE LA MARE

WHEN Susan's work was done, she'd sit,
 With one fat guttering candle lit,
 And window opened wide to win
 The sweet night air to enter in.
 There, with a thumb to keep her place,
 She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,

Her mild eyes gliding very slow
 Across the letters to and fro,
 While wagged the guttering candle-flame
 In the wind that through the window came.
 And sometimes in the silence she
 Would mumble a sentence audibly,
 Or shake her head as if to say,
 "You silly souls, to act this way!"
 And never a sound from night I would hear,
 Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
 Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
 Another page; and rapt and stern,
 Through her great glasses bent on me,
 She'd glance into reality;
 And shake her round old silvery head,
 With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!"—
 Only to tilt her book again,
 And rooted in Romance remain.

THE MIND OF PROFESSOR PRIMROSE

By OGDEN NASH

My story begins in the town of Cambridge, Mass.,
 Home of the Harvard Business and Dental Schools,
 And more or less the home of Harvard College.
 Now, Harvard is a cultural institution,
 Squandering many a dollar upon professors,
 As a glance at a Harvard football team makes obvious;
 Professors wise and prowling in search of wisdom,
 And every mother's son of them absent-minded.
 But the absentest mind belonged to Professor Primrose.
 He had won a Nobel award and a Pulitzer Prize,
 A Guggenheim and a leg on the Davis Cup,
 But he couldn't remember to shave both sides of his face.
 He discharged the dog and took the cook for an airing;
 He frequently lit his hair and combed his cigar;
 He set a trap for the baby and dandled the mice;
 He wound up his key and opened the door with his watch;
 He tipped his students and flunked the traffic policeman;
 He fed the mosquitoes crumbs and slapped at the robins;

He always said his prayers when he entered the theater,
 And left the church for a smoke between the acts;
 He mixed the exterminator man a cocktail
 And told his guests to go way, he had no bugs;
 He rode the streets on a bicycle built for two,
 And he never discovered he wasn't teaching at Yale.
 At last one summer he kissed his crimson flannels
 And packed his wife in camphor, and she complained.
 She had always hated camphor, and she complained.
 "My dear," she ordered, "these contretemps must cease;
 You must bring this absent mind a little bit nearer;
 You must tidy up that disorderly cerebellum;
 You must write today and enroll in the Pelman Institute."
 He embraced his pen and he took his wife in hand,
 He wrinkled a stamp and thoughtfully licked his brow,
 He wrote the letter and mailed it, and what do you know?
 In a couple of days he disappeared from Cambridge.
 "For heaven's sake, my husband has disappeared,"
 Said Mrs. Primrose. "Now isn't that just like him?"
 And she cut the meat and grocery orders in half,
 And moved the chairs in the living room around,
 And settled down to a little solid comfort.
 She had a marvelous time for seven years,
 At the end of which she took a train to Chicago.
 She liked to go to Chicago once in a while
 Because of a sister-in-law who lived in Cambridge.
 Her eye was caught at Schenectady by the porter;
 She noticed that he was brushing off a dime,
 And trying to put the passenger in his pocket.
 "Porter," she said, "aren't you Professor Primrose?
 Aren't you my husband, the missing Professor Primrose?
 And what did you learn at the Pelman Institute?"
 "Mah Lawd, Maria," the porter said, "mah Lawd!
 Did you say Pelman? Ah wrote to de Pullman folks!"

Nobel award—International awards for literature, science and scholarship and peace.

Pulitzer Prize—National prizes for drama, fiction and journalism.

Guggenheim—research fellowship.

Davis Cup—International tennis trophy.

contretemps—(Fr. unlucky accidents).

Pelman Institute—famed for mind training courses.

SECTION VIII

ANIMALS

THE FAWN IN THE SNOW

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE brown-dappled fawn
Bereft of the doe
Shivers in blue shadow
Of the glaring snow,

His whole world bright
As a jewel, and hard,
Diamond white,
Turquoise barred.

The trees are black,
Their needles gold,
Their boughs crack
In the keen cold.

The brown-dappled fawn
Bereft of the doe
Trembles and shudders
At the bright snow.

The air whets
The warm throat,
The frost frets
At the smooth coat.

Brown agate eyes
Opened round
Agonize
At the cold ground,

At the cold heaven
Enameled pale,
At the earth shriven
By the snowy gale,

At magic glitter
Burning to blind,
At beauty bitter
As an almond rind.

Fawn, fawn,
Seek for your south,
For kind dawn
With her cool mouth,

For green sod
With gold and blue
Dappled, as God
Has dappled you,

For slumbrous ease,
Firm turf to run
Through fruited trees
Into full sun!

The shivering fawn
Paws at the snow.
South and dawn
Lie below;

Richness and mirth,
Dearth forgiven,
A happy earth,
A warm heaven.

The sleet streams;
The snow flies;
The fawn dreams
With wide brown eyes.

THE RUNAWAY

By ROBERT FROST

ONCE when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.

We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with a clatter of stone
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

Morgan—fairly common breed of horse in New England.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

By ROBERT FROST

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound 's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

THE LITTLE PONY

By ROBERT NICHOLS

THE little pony is locked in the pound,
See how he gallops and gallops around!—
Not more wild blows the scud that blusters and shocks
Through the ribs of the rails, round his head and his hocks
His bright hoofs clatter, his long tail flies,
There is foam in his nostril, fire in his eyes.
He gallops, he curvets, he shakes out his mane,
He scuttles, he shies, and must gallop again,
He bounds, he bounces, he kicks up his heels,
Stretches racing again, and racing so, squeals
Ah, wild little sprite, roars the world then so loud?
Is there blood on the wind? Is there smoke in the cloud?
Does the Tartar give battle? The Scythian flee?
The dark wind twang darker with dark archery?
Yelp wolves on the plain? Blush the long lances red
Crackle fires on the snow, stranger fire overhead?
Or why gallop you with such fierce gaiety?
What is it you hear? What is it you see?

THE BULL

By RALPH HODGSON

SEE an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky;
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below;
And troops of monkeys, nutting some,
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck or swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie
Under hemlocks ten foot high;

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came :
One he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head,
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick,
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevish odours sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendour, all his strength,
All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,
Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

* * * * *

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,
Surely dreaming of the hour
When he came to sultan power,
And they owned him master-horn.
Chiefest bull of all among
Bulls and cows a thousand strong.

And in all the tramping herd
Not a bull that barred his way,
Not a cow that said him nay,
Not a bull or cow that erred
In the furnace of his look
Dared a second, worse rebuke ;

Not in all the forest wide,
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
Not another dared him then,
Dared him and again defied ;
Not a sovereign buck or boar
Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived
Once the terrors of his hoof
Risked a second time reproof,
Came a second time and lived,
Not a serpent in its skin
Came again for discipline ;

Not a leopard bright as flame,
Flashing fingerhooks of steel,
That a wooden tree might feel,
Met his fury once and came
For a second reprimand,
Not a leopard in the land.

Not a lion of them all,
 Not a lion of the hills,
 Hero of a thousand kills,
 Dared a second fight and fall,
 Dared that ram terrific twice,
 Paid a second time the price. . . .

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
 Leader of the herd again
 Only in his daft old brain,
 Once again the bull supreme
 And bull enough to bear the part
 Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake ;
 Even now the swarm of flies
 Blackening his bloodshot eyes
 Bursts and blusters round the lake,
 Scattered from the feast half-fed
 By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away
 From his visionary herds
 And his splendid yesterday,
 Turns to meet the loathly birds
 Flocking round him from the skies,
 Waiting for the flesh that dies.

THE CAPTIVE LION

By W. H. DAVIES

THOU that in fury with thy knotted tail
 Hast made this iron floor thy beaten drum ;
 That now in silence walks thy little space—
 Like a sea-captain—careless what may come.

What power has brought your majesty to this,
 Who gave those eyes their dull and sleepy look ;
 Who took their lightning out, and from thy throat
 The thunder when the whole wide forest shook ?

It was that man who went again, alone,
Into thy forest dark—Lord, he was brave!
That man a fly has killed, whose bones are left
Unburied till an earthquake digs his grave.

THE RABBIT

By W. H. DAVIES

Not even when the early birds
Danced on my roof with showery feet
Such music as will come from rain—
Not even then could I forget
The rabbit in his hours of pain;
Where, lying in an iron trap,
He cries all through the deafened night—
Until his smiling murderer comes,
To kill him in the morning light.

THE DUMB WORLD

By W. H. DAVIES

I CANNOT see the short, white curls
Upon the forehead of an Ox,
But what I see them dripping with
That poor thing's blood, and hear the axe;
When I see calves and lambs, I see
Them led to death; I see no bird
Or rabbit cross the open field
But what a sudden shot is heard;
A shout that tells me men aim true,
For death or wound, doth chill me through.

The shot that kills a hare or bird
Doth pass through me; I feel the wound
When those poor things find peace in death,
And when I hear no more that sound.

These cat-like men do hate to see
Small lives in happy motion ; I
Would almost rather hide my face
From Nature than pass these men by ;
And rather see a battle than
A dumb thing near a drunken man.

A CHILD'S PET

By W. H. DAVIES

WHEN I sailed out of Baltimore,
With twice a thousand head of sheep,
They would not eat, they would not drink,
But bleated o'er the deep.

Inside the pens we crawled each day,
To sort the living from the dead ;
And when we reached the Mersey's mouth,
Had lost five hundred head.

Yet every night and day one sheep,
That had no fear of man or sea,
Stuck through the bars its pleading face,
And it was stroked by me.

And to the sheep-men standing near,
'You see,' I said, 'this one tame sheep?
It seems a child has lost her pet,
And cried herself to sleep.'

So every time we passed it by,
Sailing to England's slaughter-house,
Eight ragged sheep-men—tramps and thieves—
Would stroke that sheep's black nose.

Mersey—the river on which Liverpool stands.

FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THE Squire sat propped in a pillowed chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-bye to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood, and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still:
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his hand:
"Bury the dog at my feet," he said,
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish breed,
Staunch to love and strong at need:
He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would,
He was named "Fidele," and made it good:
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master's feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet:
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop's ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground:

From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master's grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord's command:
He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think;
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of his trade:
But there's others can give him a start with the spade:
Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian couldn't ha' done no more."

The grave was dug, the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name:
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised, and the scandal stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells
No more of him the story tells;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song;
Something we owe him, you must allow;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps:
Remember, when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'Tis a nameless mound by the island church:
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot—
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did not.

Elsinore—in Denmark.

Bath and Wells—two famous old towns in southwestern England.

A NARROW FELLOW IN THE GRASS

By EMILY DICKINSON

A NARROW fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him,—did you not?
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun,—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

SECTION IX

THE COAL FIELDS

"SNUG IN MY EASY CHAIR"

By WILFRID GIBSON

SNUG in my easy chair,
 I stirred the fire to flame.
 Fantastically fair
 The flickering fancies came,
 Born of heart's desire—
 Amber woodlands streaming;
 Topaz islands dreaming;
 Sunset-cities gleaming,
 Spire on burning spire;
 Ruddy-windowed taverns;
 Sunshine-spilling wines;
 Crystal-lighted caverns
 Of Golconda's mines;
 Summers, unreturning;
 Passion's crater yearning;
 Troy, the ever-burning;
 Shelley's lustral pyre;
 Dragon-eyes unsleeping:
 Witches' cauldrons leaping;
 Golden galleys sweeping
 Out of sea-walled Tyre—
 Fancies fugitive and fair
 Flashed with singing through the air
 Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
 I shut my eyes to heat and light,
 And saw in sudden night,
 Crouched in the dripping dark
 With steaming shoulders stark,
 The man who hews the coal to feed my fire

Golconda—a fortress city near Haiderabad, India, famous in the sixteenth century for cutting and polishing diamonds, hence a symbol of riches.

Shelley's pyre—the poet Shelley was drowned while sailing off the coast of Italy and his friends, including the poet Byron, burnt his body on a funeral pyre by the seashore, as the ancient Greeks, of whom Shelley was very fond, used to burn their heroes.

lustral—purifying.

THE BROTHERS

By WILFRID GIBSON

ALL morning they had quarrelled as they worked,
A little off their fellows, in the pit:
Dick growled at Robert; Robert said Dick shirked;
And when the roof, dropt more than they had reckoned,
Began to crack and split,
Though each rushed like a shot to set
The pit-props in their places,
Each said the other was to blame
When, all secure, with flushed and grimy faces
They faced each other for a second:
All morning they had quarrelled, yet
Neither had named her name.

Again they turned to work,
And in the dusty murk
Of that black gallery,
Which ran out three miles underneath the sea,
There was no sound at all
Save whispering creak of roof and wall
And crack of coal and tap of pick,
And now and then a rattling fall,
While Robert worked on steadily, but Dick
In fits and starts, with teeth clenched tight
And dark eyes flashing in his lamp's dull light.

And when he paused, nigh spent, to wipe the sweat
From off his dripping brow, and Robert turned
To fling some idle jibe at him, the spark
Of anger smouldering in him flared and burned,
Though all his body quivered, wringing-wet,
Till that black hole
To him blazed red
As if the very coal
Had kindled underfoot and overhead:
Then gripping tight his pick
He rushed upon his brother,
But Robert, turning quick,
Leapt up, and now they faced each other.

They faced each other—Dick with arm upraised
In act to strike, and murder in his eyes . . .
When suddenly with noise of thunder
The earth shook round them, rumbling over and under ;
And Dick saw Robert lying at his feet,
As close behind the gallery crashed in,
And almost at his heel earth gaped asunder.
By black disaster dazed,
His wrath died, and he dropped his pick
And staggered dizzily and terror-sick :
But when the dust and din
Had settled to a stillness dread as death,
And he once more could draw his breath,
He heaved a little joyous shout
To find the lamps had not gone out.

And on his knees he fell
Beside his brother buried in black dust,
And, full of tense misgiving,
He lifted him and thrust
A knee beneath his head and cleared
The dust from mouth and nose, but could not tell
Awhile if he were dead or living.
Too fearful to know what he feared,
He fumbled at the open shirt
And felt till he could feel the heart
Still beating with a feeble beat,
And then he saw the closed lids part
And saw the nostrils quiver,
And knew his brother lived, though sorely hurt.

Again he staggered to his feet,
And fetched his water-can and wet
The ashy lips and bathed the brow,
Until his brother sat up with a shiver
And gazed before him with a senseless stare
And dull eyes strangely set.
Too well Dick knew that now
They must not linger there,
Cut off from all their mates, to be o'ertaken
In less than no time by the deadly damp ;

So, picking up his lamp,
He made his brother rise,
Then took him by the arm
And shook him till he'd shaken
An inkling of the danger and alarm
Into those dull, still eyes,
Then dragged him and half-carried him in haste
To reach the airway where 'twould still be sweet
When all the gallery was foul with gas;
But, soon as they had reached it, they were faced
By a big fall of roof they could not pass,
And found themselves cut off from all retreat
On every hand by that black shining wall,
With naught to do but sit and wait
Till rescue came, if rescue came at all
And did not come too late.
And in the fresher airway light came back
To Robert's eyes, although he never spoke,
And not a sound the deathly silence broke
As they sat staring at the wall of black—
As in the glimmer of the dusky lamp
They sat and wondered, wondered if the damp—
The stealthy after-damp that, creeping, creeping,
Takes strong lads by the throat and drops them sleeping
To wake no more for any woman's weeping—
Would steal upon them ere the rescue came . . .
And if the rescuers would find them sitting,
Would find them squatted on their hunkers, cold . . .
Then as they sat and wondered, like a flame
One thought burned up both hearts—
Still neither breathed her name.
And now their thoughts dropped back into the pit,
And through the league-long galleries went flitting
With speed no fall could hold:
They wondered how their mates had fared—
If they'd been struck stone-dead,
Or if they shared
Like fate with them, or reached the shaft
Unhurt and only scared
Before disaster overtook them:
And then, although their courage ne'er forsook them,

They wondered once again if they must sit
Awaiting death . . . but knowing well
That even for a while to dwell
On such-like thoughts will drive a strong man daft,
They shook themselves until their thoughts ran free
Along the drift and clambered in the cage,
And in a trice were shooting up the shaft.
But when their thoughts had come to the pithead,
And found the fearful people gathered there
Beneath the noonday sun,
Bright-eyed with terror, blinded by despair,
Dick rose and with his chalk wrote on the wall
This message for his folk;
We can't get any farther—12, noonday—
And signed both names; and when he'd done,
Though neither of them spoke,
They both felt easier in a way
Now that they'd left a word,
Though nothing but a scrawl.

And silent still they sat
And never stirred:
And Dick's thoughts dwelt on this and that—
How, far above their heads upon the sea
The sun was shining merrily,
And in its golden glancing
The windy waves were dancing;

And how he'd slipped that morning on his way;
And how on Friday when he drew his pay
He'd buy a blanket for his whippet, Nell—
He felt dead certain she would win the race
On Saturday . . . though you could never tell,
There were such odds against her . . . but his face
Lit up as though even now he saw her run—
A little slip of lightning in the sun:
While Robert's thoughts were over on the match
His team was booked to play on Saturday—
He placed the field and settled who should play
In Will Burn's stead; for Will he had a doubt
Was scarcely up to form, although . . .

Just then the lamp went slowly out.

Still neither stirred
Nor spoke a word
Though either's breath came quickly, with a catch.
And now again one thought
Set both their hearts afire—
In one fierce flame
Of quick desire,
Though neither breathed her name.

Then Dick stretched out his hand and caught
His brother's arm, and whispered in his ear:
Bob, lad, there's naught to fear . . .
And when we're out, lad, you and she shall wed.
Bob gripped Dick's hand; and then no more was said
As slowly all about them rose
The deadly after-damp; but close
They sat together hand in hand.
Then their minds wandered—and Dick seemed to stand
And shout till he was hoarse
To speed his winning whippet down the course . . .
And Robert, with the ball
Secure within his oxter, charged ahead
Straight for the goal, and none could hold,
Though many tried a fall.

Then dreaming they were lucky boys in bed
Once more and lying snugly by each other,
Dick, with his arms clasped tight about his brother,
Whispered with failing breath
Into the ear of death:
Come, Robert, cuddle closer, lad—it's cold.

damp—poisonous gas common in mines after explosions.

whippet—small dogs like greyhounds, very popular amongst miners.

oxter—armpit.

SECTION X

NEGRO SONGS AND STORIES

Of the poets represented in this section, James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen are wellknown negro poets, the two latter being the leaders of the younger twentieth-century group.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand!—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,

Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE CONGO

By VACHEL LINDSAY

*A memorial to Ray Eldred, a missionary of the Disciples of
Christ who perished while swimming a treacherous
branch of the Congo.*

I.—THEIR BASIC SAVAGERY

*A deep rolling
bass.*

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a
broom,

Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, BOOM,
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a
 broom,

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision.
 I could not turn from their revel in derision.

*More deliberate.
 Solemnly chanted.*

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEP-
 ING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST
 WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

Then along that riverbank

A thousand miles

Tattooed cannibals danced in files ;

Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song

And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.

*A rapidly piling
 climax of speed
 and racket.*

And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and
 the fifes of the warriors,

"BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced lean
 witch-doctors,

"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,

Harry the uplands,

Steal all the cattle,

Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,

Bing.

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM,"

*With a philo-
 sophic pause.*

A roaring, epic, rag-time tune

From the mouth of the Congo

To the Mountains of the Moon.

Death is an Elephant,

Torch-eyed and horrible,

Foam-flanked and terrible.

*Shrilly and with
 a heavily
 accented metre.*

BOOM, steal the pygmies,

BOOM, kill the Arabs,

BOOM, kill the white men,

HOO, HOO, HOO.

*Like the wind
 in the chimney.*

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost

Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.

Hear how the demons chuckle and yell

Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.

Listen to the creepy proclamation,

Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
 Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
 Blown past the marsh where the butterflies
 play :—

*All the O sounds
 very golden.
 Heavy accents
 very heavy.
 Light accents
 very light.
 Last line
 whispered.*

"Be careful what you do,
 Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
 And all of the other
 Gods of the Congo,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

III.—THE HOPE OF THEIR RELIGION

*Heavy bass.
 With a literal
 imitation of
 camp-meeting
 racket, and
 trance.*

A good old negro in the slums of the town
 Preached at a sister for her velvet gown.
 Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,
 His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days.
 Beat on the Bible till he wore it out
 Starting the jubilee revival shout.
 And some had visions, as they stood on
 chairs,
 And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs,
 And they all repented, a thousand strong
 From their stupor and savagery and sin and
 wrong

And slammed with their hymn books till
 they shook the room

With "glory, glory, glory,"
 And "Boom, boom, BOOM."

*Exactly as in
 the first section.
 Begin with terror
 and power,
 end with joy.*

THEN I SAW THE CONGO CREEP-
 ING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE
 WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

And the gray sky opened like a new-rent
 veil

And showed the Apostles with their coats of
 mail.

In bright white steel they were seated round
 And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo
 wound.

And the twelve Apostles, from their thrones
on high
Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly
cry:—

*Sung to the tune
of "Hark, ten
thousand harps
and voices."*

*With growing
deliberation
and joy.*

*In a rather
high key—
as delicately
as possible.*

"Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
Never again will he hoo-doo you,
Never again will he hoo-doo you."
Then along that river, a thousand miles
The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
Pioneer angels cleared the way
For a Congo paradise, for babes at play,
For sacred capitals, for temples clean.
Gone were the skull-faced witch-men lean.
There, where the wild ghost-gods had wailed
A million boats of the angels sailed
With oars of silver, and prows of blue
And silken pennants that the sun shone
through.

'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new
creation.

Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation
And on through the backwoods clearing
flew:—

*To the tune of
"Hark, ten
thousand harps
and voices."*

"Mumbo-Jumbo is dead in the jungle.
Never again will he hoo-doo you.
Never again will he hoo-doo you."

Redeemed were the forests, the beasts and
the men,

And only the vulture dared again
By the far, lone mountains of the moon
To cry, in the silence, the Congo tune:—

*Dying down into
a penetrating,
terrified whisper.*

"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-doo
. . . you."

voodoo—witchcraft and magic prevalent among negroes.
Mountains of the Moon—mythical chain of mountains thought by
early geographers to stretch east and west across Africa and to be
the source of the Nile. The great mountains of Equatorial East

Africa rising to 20,000 feet may have been the peaks which led to the belief in this legendary mountain range.

Leopold's ghost—Leopold II of Belgium amassed a huge fortune through his autocratic control and exploitation of the Congo territory for rubber and ivory. The terrible abuses and horrible cruelties of his system were investigated by international commission in 1904, and reforms were instituted.

Mumbo-Jumbo—grotesque idol worshipped by some tribes.

DE GLORY ROAD

By CLEMENT WOOD

O DE Glory Road! O de Glory Road!
I'm gwine ter drap mah load upon de Glory Road.

I lay on mah bed untell one erclock,
An' de Lawd come callin' all His faithful flock.
An' He call "Whoo-ee! an' He call "Whoo-ee!"
An' I knowed dat de Sabier wuz ercallin' me.
An' he call "Whoo-ee!" an' He call "Whoo-ee!"
An' I cry, Massa Jesus, is you callin' me?"
An' He call "Whoo-ee!" an' He call "Whoo-ee!"
An' I riz up f'um mah pallet, and I cry, "Hyahs me!"

De Lawd sez, "Niggah ain' I call yer thrice
Ter ride erlong behin' me up ter Paradise,
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road?"
An' I clime up ter de saddle, an' I jined de lead!

De hawse he wuz longer dan a thousan' mile';
His tail went lashin', an' his hoofs wuz wil';
His mane wuz flamin', an' his eyes wuz moons,
An' his mouth kep' singin' halleluyah tunes!
De Lawd sez "Niggah, why'n'cher look aroun'?"
An' dar we wuz flyin' over risin' groun'.
Powerful hills, an' mountains too,
An' de earth an' de people wuz drapt f'um view.
An' I hyahd all 'roun' me how de sperits sang,
An' de Lawd sang louder dan de whole shebang!

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, why'n'cher look ergin?"
An' dar wuz de Debbil, on de back uv Sin,
A-bangin' on de critter wid his whip an' goad,
An' boun' he gwine ter kotch us, on de Glory Road!
"O Lawdy, it's de Debbil, comin' straight f'm hell!
I kin tell him by his roarin', and de brimstone smell!"
But de Lawd sez, "Niggah, he ain't kotch us yit!"
An' He lashed an' He hustled, an' He loosed de bit.

Den de Debbil crep' closuh, and I hyahd him yell,
"I'm gwine ter kotch a niggah, fur ter roas' in hell!"
An' I cried, "Lawd, sabe me!" An' de Lawd cry, "Sho."
An' hyah it was hebben, an, we shet de do'.

O glory, glory, how de angels sang!
O glory, glory how de rafters rang!
An' Moses 'n' Aaron, an' Methusalum,
Dey shout an' dey holler, an' dey beat de drum.
King Solomon kissed me, an' his tousan' wives,
Jes' like dey'd knowed me, durin' all dey lives!
An' de Lawd sez, "Niggah, take a granstan' seat.
But I 'specks youse hongry; have a bite ter eat?"

An' de ravens fed me, an' Elijah prayed,
An' de sabed ones gathered, while de organ played,
An' dey cry, "O sinnah, come an' lose yuh load
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road.
An' come an' dwell in de Lawd's abode,
Glory, glory, on de Glory Road!"

Sez de Lawd, "No, sinnah, you mus' trabbel back
Ter he'p po' niggahs up de Glory Track;
Ter he'p old mo'ners, an' de scoffin' coons,
By shoutin' loud hallelujah tunes."

O come, mah breddren, won' you drap yuh load,
An' ride ter hebben up de Glory Road?

GO DOWN DEATH

(A funeral sermon)

By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

WEEP not, weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.
Heart-broken husband—weep no more;
Grief-stricken son—weep no more;
Left-lonesome daughter—weep no more;
She's only just gone home.

Day before yesterday morning,
God was looking down from his great, high heaven,
Looking down on all his children,
And his eye fell on Sister Caroline,
Tossing on her bed of pain.
And God's big heart was touched with pity,
With the everlasting pity.
And God sat back on his throne,
And he commanded that tall, bright angel standing at his
right hand:
Call me Death!

And that tall, bright angel cried in a voice
That broke like a clap of thunder:
Call Death!—Call Death!
And the echo sounded down the streets of heaven
Till it reached away back to that shadowy place,
Where Death waits with his pale, white horses.

And Death heard the summons,
And he leaped on his fastest horse,
Pale as a sheet in the moonlight.
Up the golden street Death galloped,
And the hoofs of his horse struck fire from the gold,
But they didn't make no sound.
Up Death rode to the Great White Throne,
And waited for God's command.

And God said: Go Down, Death, go down,
Go down to Savannah, Georgia,
Down in Yamacraw,
And find Sister Caroline.
She's borne the burden and heat of the day,
She's labored long in my vineyard,
And she's tired—
She's weary—
Go down, Death, and bring her to me.

And Death didn't say a word,
But he loosed the reins on his pale, white horse,
And he clamped the spurs to his bloodless sides,
And out and down he rode,
Through heaven's pearly gates,
Past suns and moons and stars;

On Death rode,
And the foam from his horse was like a comet in the sky;
On Death rode,
Leaving the lightning's flash behind;
Straight on down he came.
While we were watching round her bed,
She turned her eyes and looked away,
She saw what we couldn't see;
She saw Old Death. She saw Old Death,
Coming like a falling star.
But Death didn't frighten Sister Caroline;
He looked to her like a welcome friend.
And she whispered to us: I'm going home,
And she smiled and closed her eyes.

And Death took her up like a baby,
And she lay in his icy arms,
But she didn't feel no chill.
And Death began to ride again—
Up beyond the evening star,
Out beyond the morning star,
Into the glittering light of glory,
On to the Great White Throne.
And there he laid Sister Caroline

On the loving breast of Jesus.
And Jesus took his own hand and wiped away her tears,
And he smoothed the furrows from her face;
And the angels sang a little song,
And Jesus rocked her in his arms,
And kept a-saying: Take your rest,
Take your rest, take your rest.

Weep not—weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.

WHIPPOORWILL

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

*When de whippo'will cry
Somebody got ter die.*

"Mammy, why de whippo'will
Call so loud ter-night?
"Come in chile, be mighty still
An' shet de do' tight."

"Mammy, who he callin' to
Out in de dark?" "Hush!
Death's a-waitin' where de dew
Glitters on de bush."

"Kin I light de can'le now,
Scare de dark erway?"
"Whippo'will still on de bough,
Wait, soon it come day."

"Mammy, Mammy . . . talk ter me!"
Only from the hill
Came an answer eerily . . .
"Whip-poor-will."

WEARY BLUES

By LANGSTON HUGHES

DRONING a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
 He did a lazy sway . . .
 He did a lazy sway . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
 O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad and raggy tune like a musical fool!
 Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
 O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
 "Ain't got nobody in all this world,
 Ain't got nobody but maself
 I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
 And put ma troubles on the shelf."
Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
 "I got the Weary Blues
 And I can't be satisfied.
 Got the Weary Blues
 And can't be satisfied—
 I ain't happy no mo
 And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

I, TOO

By LANGSTON HUGHES

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
An' eat well,
An' eat well,
And grow strong.

To-morrow,
I'll sit at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed,—

I, too, am America.

TABLEAU

By COUNTEE CULLEN

LOCKED arm in arm they cross the way,
The black boy and the white,
The golden splendor of the day,
The sable pride of night.

From lowered blinds the dark folk stare,
And here the fair folk talk,
Indignant that these two should dare
In unison to walk.

Oblivious to look and word
They pass, and see no wonder
That lightning brilliant as a sword
Should blaze the path of thunder.

SECTION XI

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

HEAVEN

By W. H. DAVIES

THAT paradise the Arab dreams,
 Is far less sand and more fresh streams.
 The only heaven an Indian knows,
 Is hunting deer and buffaloes.
 The Yankee heaven—to bring Fame forth
 By some freak show of what he's worth.
 The heaven that fills an English heart,
 Is Union Jacks in every part.
 The Irish heaven is heaven of old,
 When Satan cracked skulls manifold.
 The Scotsman has his heaven to come—
 To argue his Creator dumb.
 The Welshman's heaven is singing airs—
 No matter who feels sick and swears.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS:

Before the Reformation, a small lamp burned continually in churches to remind people to pray for those whose relatives were too poor to pay for prayers and masses for their souls.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS

By MARJORIE PICKTHALL

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,
 The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part,
 Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
 Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears;
 The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
 But not for him. Oh unforgotten tears,
 He was so young!

Shine little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers.
Shine little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine
When he treads softly down his starry stairs
And whispers, "Thou art mine."

Shine little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to his arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.

MONEY

By W. H. DAVIES

WHEN I had money, money, O!
I knew no joy till I went poor;
For many a false man as a friend
Came knocking all day at my door.

Then felt I like a child that holds
A trumpet that he must not blow
Because a man is dead; I dared
Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen
How poor men's hearts are ever light;
And how their wives do hum like bees
About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,
And see the rich ones coldly frown—
Poor men, think I, need not go up
So much as rich men should come down

When I had money, money, O!
My many friends proved all untrue;
But now I have no money, O!
My friends are real, though very few.

THE RICH MAN

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THE rich man has his motor car,
His country and his town estate.
He smokes a fifty-cent cigar
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the livelong day,
He knows not Poverty, her pinch,
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay;
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,
Though I must slave for livelihood,
Think you that I would change with him?
You bet I would.

THE GOOSE

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason,
'Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season.'

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder:
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle:
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

'A quinsy choke thy cursed note!'
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
'Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.'

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,

There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
'So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning.'

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder :

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, 'The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger !'

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT

By JOHN GAY

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye.
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn and sought the wood.
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain
"Draw near my birds," the mother cries,
"This hill delicious fare supplies.
Behold the busy Negro race,

See millions blacken all the place
Fear not! like me with freedom eat.
An ant is most delightful meat
How blest, how envied were our life
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife.
But man, curst man on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometime with oysters we combine
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smoaks on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curst,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An ant who climbed beyond his reach
Thus answered from the neighbouring beech,
"Ere you remark another's sin,
By thy own conscience look within.
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nec for a breakfast nations kill."

THE TRUTH

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

FRIEND, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:
Tomorrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

GOOD SPEECH

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

THINK not, because thine inmost heart means well,
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech : sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.

HAMMERS

By RALPH HODGSON

NOISE of hammers once I heard
Many hammers, busy hammers
Beating, shaping, night and day
Shaping, beating, dust and clay
To a palace ; saw it reared,
Saw the hammers laid away.

And I listened and I heard
Hammers beating night and day
In the palace newly reared,
Beating it to dust and clay
Other hammers, muffled hammers,
Silent hammers of decay.

AMBITION

By ROBERT SERVICE

THEY brought the mighty chief to town ;
They showed him strange, unwonted sights ;
Yet as he wandered up and down,

He seemed to scorn their vain delights.
His face was grim, his eye lacked fire,
As one who mourns a glory dead;
And when they sought his heart's desire:
"Me like-um tooth same gold," he said.

A dental place they quickly found.
He neither moaned nor moved his head.
They pulled his teeth so white and sound;
They put in teeth of gold instead.
Oh, never saw I man so gay,
His very being seemed to swell:
"Ha, ha!" he cried, "Now Injun say
Me heap big chief, *me look like hell!*"

TWO TRAMPS IN MUD TIME

By ROBERT FROST

OUT of the mud two strangers came
And caught me splitting wood in the yard.
And one of them put me off my aim
By hailing cheerily "Hit them hard!"
I knew pretty well why he dropped behind
And let the other go on a way.
I knew pretty well what he had in mind:
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping blocks;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day

When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight
And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume
His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake : and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

The water for which we may have to look
In summertime with a witching-wand,
In every wheelrut's now a brook,
In every print of a hoof a pond.
Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath
That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth.

The time when most I loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they came to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an ax-head poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet.
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night,
But not long since in the lumber camps).
They thought all chopping was theirs of right.
Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right—agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done.
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gipsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new.
They say: "Could I find my proper groove,
What a deep mark I would make!"
So they chop and change, and each fresh move
Is only a fresh mistake.

And each forgets, as he strips and runs,
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stands one day with a hope that's dead
In the glare of the truth at last.

He has failed, he has failed; he has missed his chance;
He has just done things by half.
Life's been a jolly good joke on him,
And now is the time to laugh.
Ha, ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;
He was never meant to win;
He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone;
He's a man who won't fit in.

TO-MORROW

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Oh yesterday the cutting edge drank thirstily and deep,
The upland outlaws ringed us in and herded us as sheep,
They drove us from the stricken field and bayed us into keep;
But to-morrow,
By the living God, we'll try the game again!

Oh yesterday our little troop was ridden through and through,
Our swaying, tattered pennons fled, a broken, beaten few
And all a summer afternoon they hunted us and slew;
But to-morrow,
By the living God, we'll try the game again!

And here upon the turret-top the bale-fire glowers red,
The wake-lights burn and drip about our hacked, disfigured
dead,
And many a broken heart is here and many a broken head;
But to-morrow,
By the living God, we'll try the game again!

NIMIUM FORTUNATUS

By ROBERT BRIDGES

I HAVE lain in the sun,
I have toil'd as I might,
I have thought as I would,
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,
My heart of content
For friends that I met
The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue
While frenzy and care
Like thin summer clouds
Go melting in air.

To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death—
To what should I wake
Who loved in my home
All life for its sake?

What good have I wrought?
I laugh to have learned
That joy cannot come
Unless it be earned;

For a happier lot
Than God giveth me
It never hath been,
Nor ever shall be.

SECTION XII

CHRISTMAS

FROM "THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL"

ANONYMOUS

I

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing:
"This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water
With which we were christenèd."

II

Then Mary took her young son
And set him on her knee:
"I pray thee now, dear child,
Tell how this world shall be."

"O I shall be as dead, mother,
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the street, mother,
Shall mourn for me all.

"And upon a Wednesday
 My vow I will make,
 And upon Good Friday
 My death I will take.

"Upon Easter-day, mother,
 My up-rising shall be;
 O the sun and the moon, mother,
 Shall both rise with me!"

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA

By JOHN MASEFIELD

A WIND is rustling "south and soft,"
 Cooing a quiet country tune,
 The calm sea sighs, and far aloft
 The sails are ghostly in the moon.

Unquiet ripples lisp and purr,
 A block there pipes and chirps i' the sheave,
 The wheel-ropes jar, the reef-points stir
 Faintly—and it is Christmas Eve.

The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,
 And o'er the giddy, swaying spars,
 Silent and excellent as Death,
 The dim blue skies are bright with stars.

Dear God—they shone in Palestine
 Like this, and yon pale moon serene
 Looked down among the lowing kine
 On Mary and the Nazarene.

The angels called from deep to deep,
 The burning heavens felt the thrill,
 Startling the flocks of silly sheep
 And lonely shepherds on the hill.

To-night beneath the dripping bows
Where flashing bubbles burst and throng,
The bow-wash murmurs and sighs and soughs
A message from the angels' song.

The moon goes nodding down the west,
The drowsy helmsman strikes the bell;
Rex Judaeorum natus est,
I charge you, brothers, sing *Nowell, Nowell,*
Rex Judaeorum natus est.

Rex Judaeorum natus est—The King of the Jews is born.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

IN the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a manger full of hay;

Enough for Him whom angels
 Fall down before,
 The ox and ass and camel
 Which adore.

Angels and archangels
 May have gathered there,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Throng'd the air ;
 But only His mother
 In her maiden bliss
 Worshiped her Beloved
 With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb,
 If I were a wise man
 I would do my part,—
 Yet what can I give Him,
 Give my heart.

BEFORE DAWN

By WALTER DE LA MARE

DIM-BERRIED is the mistletoe
 With globes of sheenless grey,
 The holly mid ten thousand thorns
 Smoulders its fires away ;
 And in the manger Jesu sleeps
 This Christmas day.

Bull unto bull with hollow throat
 Makes echo every hill,
 Cold sheep in pastures thick with snow
 The air with bleatings fill ;
 While of His mother's heart this Babe
 Takes His sweet will.

All flowers and butterflies lie hid,
The blackbird and the thrush
Pipe but a little as they flit
Restless from bush to bush;
Even to the robin Gabriel hath
Cried softly, "Hush!"

Now night is astir with burning stars
In darkness of the snow;
Burdened with frankincense and myrrh
And gold the Strangers go
Into a dusk where one dim lamp
Burns faintly, Lo!

No snowdrop yet its small head nods,
In winds of winter drear;
No lark at casement in the sky
Sings matins shrill and clear;
Yet in this frozen mirk the Dawn
Breathes, Spring is here!

AND THE TREES DO MOAN

(White Mountain Folk-song)

In the valley of Judea,
Cold and wintry blown,
Christ was born one frosty morning,
And the trees do moan.

Darkened skies and men a-stumbling;
High above them shone
One bright star a-moving eastward,
Where the trees do moan.

Herod and the Romans
Sat stately on the throne;
Sent the soldiers out a-looking,
And the trees do moan.

Mary took her little baby,
Set out all alone;
Down in Egyptland they tarried,
Where the trees do moan.

Jesus then became a carpenter,
Worked with wood and stone.
Nails he drove and cross-arms fashioned.
And the trees do moan.

Then one day in the forest black,
He picked a tree for his own,
A Christmas tree, an evergreen one.
And the trees do moan.

SECTION XIII

HUMOUR

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

By LEWIS CARROLL

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

By LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech,
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN

By W. S. GILBERT

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN

Was the son of an elderly labouring man;

You've guessed him a Scotsman, shrewd reader, at sight,

And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonny blue Forth to the lovely Deeside,

Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,

There wasn't a child or a woman or man

Who could pipe with CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS

M'CLAN.

No other could wake such detestable groans,

With reed and with chaunter—with bag and with drones:

All day and all night he delighted the chiefs

With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,

And the neighbouring maidens would gather around

To list to the pipes and to gaze in his een,

Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

All loved their M'CLAN, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,
Tho' his name it was PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.

TORBAY had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotsman in every sense;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

CLONGLOCKETTY'S pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

“MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my
lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something resembling an air.”

Boiled over the blood of MACPHAIRSON M'CLAN—
The Clan of Clongloketty rose as one man;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

“Let's show,” said McClan, “to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes *can* play him a regular tune.
Let's see,” said M'CLAN, as he thoughtfully sat,
“*'In my Cottage'* is easy—I'll practise at that.”

He blew at his “Cottage,” and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'll hardly believe it) M'CLAN, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—
It wandered about into several keys;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced;
He shrieked in his agony—bellowed and pranced;
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

“Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;
And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air fra' the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!
Hurrah for CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN!”

The fame of his piping spread over the land:
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgetty Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste)
Divided CLONGLOCKETTY close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for ANGUS M'CLAN,
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man;
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY
To find them “take on” in this serious way;
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words:

“Oh, maidens,” said PATTISON, touching his hat,
“Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than ANGUS M'CLAN.”

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

NIGHTMARE

By W. S. GILBERT

WHEN you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and
repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge
in, without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual
slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and
your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles—
so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss
till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and
you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain
at its usual angle!
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot
eye-balls and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that
you'd very much better be waking;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing
about in a steamer from Harwich—
Which is something between a large bathing machine and
a very small second-class carriage—
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a
party of friends and relations—
They're a ravenous horde—and they all come on board at
Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.

And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who
started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when
he tells you he's only eleven.
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-
bye the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad
names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";
But this you can't stand, as you throw up your hand, and
you find you're as cold as an icicle,
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks),
crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've
somehow or other invested in—
And he's telling the tars, all the *particulars* of a company
he's interested in—
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from
cough mixtures to cables
(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though
they were all *vegetables*—
You get a good spadesman to plant a small trades-man (first
take off his boots with a boot-tree),
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and
they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree—
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and greenpea,
cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,
While the pastrycook plant, cherry brandy will grant, apple
puffs, and three-corners, and Banburys—
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by
Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a
shudder despairing—
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no
wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and
you've needles and pins from your soles to your
shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's
asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on
your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish
tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general
sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and
the night has been long — ditto ditto my song — and
thank goodness they're both of them over!

Harwich—a popular passenger port in Eastern England, for trips to Holland and Scandinavia.

Bathing machine—a little dressing room on wheels which could be towed out into the sea. A line of such "machines" looking rather like a line of very plain gipsy wagons was a feature of English seaside resorts years ago.

Sloane Square; Kensington—in the west end of London.

fourwheeler—a cab.

Banbury cakes—a popular English pastry with raisins.

Rothschild and Baring—banking firms.

THE COMMON CORMORANT

(Anonymous)

THE common cormorant or shag
Lays eggs inside a paper bag
The reason you will see no doubt
It is to keep the lightning out
But what these unobservant birds
Have never noticed is that herds
Of wandering bears may come with buns
And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

THE BATH

By CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM

BROAD is the Gate and wide the Path
That leads man to his daily bath;
But ere you spend the shining hour
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show'r—
With all that teaches you to dread
The bath as little as your bed—

Remember, whereso'er you be,
To shut the door and turn the key!

I had a friend—my friend no more!—
Who failed to bolt the bath-room door;

A maiden aunt of his, one day,
Walked in, as half-submerged he lay!

She did not notice nephew John,
And turned the boiling water on!

He had no time, or even scope,
To camouflage himself with soap,
But gave a yell and flung aside
The sponge 'neath which he sought to hide!

It fell to earth I know not where!
He beat his breast in his despair,

And then, like Venus from the foam,
Sprang into view, and made for home!

His aunt fell fainting to the ground!
Alas! they never brought her round!

She died, intestate, in her prime,
The victim of another's crime;

And John can never quite forget
How, by a breach of etiquette,
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge),
His aunt, his honour, and his sponge!

COMMISSARY REPORT

By STODDARD KING

OUR fathers were fellows of substance and weight,
They drank when they drank, and they ate when they ate.

They made a light breakfast of flapjacks and pie,
They greeted corned beef with a ravenous cry,
Their luncheon was spareribs, with beans on the side—
 They lived free and equal.
 And what was the sequel?
They died.

The men of our era are timid with food,
Their principal ration is calories, stewed,
They start off the morning with prune-flakes and bran
 And patented mannas,
 And shredded bananas—
They get a whole meal from a single tin can.
They keep a keen eye on the vitamin chart,
Affect fancy diets, and know them by heart,
They pick at their food like a wren or a chick
 For fear they'll get cancer.
 And what is the answer?
They're sick.

SHRINKING SONG

By OGDEN NASH

WOOLLEN socks, woollen socks!
Full of color, full of clocks!
Plain and fancy, yellow, blue,
From the counter beam at you.
O golden fleece, O magic flocks!
O irresistible woollen socks!
O happy haberdasher's clerk
Amid that galaxy to work!
And now it festers, now it rankles
Not to have them round your ankles;
Now with your conscience do you spar;
They look expensive, and they are;
Now conscience whispers, You ought not to,
And human nature roars, You've got to!
Woollen socks, woollen socks!

First you buy them in a box.
 You buy them several sizes large,
 Fit for Hercules, or a barge.
 You buy them thus because you think
 These lovely woollen socks may shrink.
 At home you don your socks with ease,
 You find the heels contain your knees;
 You realize with saddened heart
 Their toes and yours are far apart.
 You take them off and mutter Bosh,
 You up and send them to the wash.
 Too soon, too soon the socks return,
 Too soon the horrid truth you learn;
 Your woollen socks cannot be worn
 Unless a midget child is born,
 And either sockless you must go,
 Or buy a sock for every toe.
 Woollen socks, woollen socks!
 Infuriating paradox!
 Hosiery wonderful and terrible,
 Heaven to wear, and yet unwearable.
 The man enmeshed in such a quandary
 Can only hie him to the laundry,
 And while his socks are hung to dry,
 Wear them once as they're shrinking by.

SONG FOR THE SADDEST IDES:

The Ides were the fifteenth of the month in the Roman Calendar. Caesar was assassinated on the Ides of March. Round about that day income tax becomes due.

SONG FOR THE SADDEST IDES

By OGDEN NASH

HAYFOOT, strawfoot, forward march!
 Stiffen your backbone up with starch!
 Strut like Hercules or Hector!
 Ready for the Income Tax Collector!

Give three cheers and give them thrice!
Roar like lions, or maybe mice!
Rush like lightning, or maybe glue,
To the Dept. of Internal Revenue.

Left foot, right foot, heel and toe,
One little drink and off we go,
Fresh from the tub in our Sunday raiment,
Wee hands clutching the quarterly payment.

Citizen? Resident? Married? Single?
Living together, or don't you mingle?
Blessed events? If so, please state
Change of status, its nature and date.

Royalties? Rents? Commissions? Fees?
If none, explain their absence, please.
And let there be no legal flaw
In Deductions Authorized by Law.

Salaries? Wages? Sale of Property?
Here comes the Notary, hippety-hoppety!
Raise your hand and take your oath
To tell the truth or bust. Or both.

Boomelay boom on the big bass drum!
Where is the money coming from?
You must borrow and I must beg,
And the last to pay is a rotten egg.

Presto! Changeo! Hullabaloo!
Where does the money vanish to?
It's used in research, children dear,
For ways to increase the tax next year.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

By THOMAS HOOD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow";
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see";
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,

So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown!
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

SECTION XIV
SOUND AND SENSE

TARANTELLA

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young
muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young
muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the Guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.

No sound
 In the walls of the Halls where falls
 The tread
 Of the feet of the dead to the ground
 No sound:
 But the boom
 Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

HOW THE WATERS COME DOWN AT LODORE:

This cataract is in the English Lake District.

HOW THE WATERS COME DOWN AT LODORE

By ROBERT SOUTHEY

"How does the Water
 Come down at Lodore?"
 From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell;
 From its fountains,
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills,—
 Through moss and through brake
 It runs and it creeps
 For awhile, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among ;
Rising and leaping,
Singing and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound !
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding.
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering :

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing:
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

JAZZ FANTASIA

By CARL SANDBURG

DRUM on your drums, batter on your banjos,
 sob on the long cool winding saxophones.
 Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy
 tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-
 husha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome tree-
 tops, moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible,
 cry like a racing car slipping away from a motorcycle
 cop, bang-bang! you jazzmen, bang altogether drums,
 traps, banjos, horns, tin cans—make two people fight
 on the top of a stairway and scratch each other's eyes
 in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff . . . now a Mississippi steamboat
 pushes up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . .
 and the green lanterns calling to the high soft stars
 . . . a red moon rides on the humps of the low river
 hills . . . go to it, O jazzmen.

ENGLISH PERVERSIFICATION

By MARK IDEN

SINCE you can sleep and say you slept
 Or wake and say you've woken,
 Why can't I peep and say I've pept?
 Why don't I say that birds have chept

And felt themselves forsoken
In trees the rain has shoken?

Though you may win and say you've won
Or get and say you've gotten
The clouds may thin but haven't thon,
And though I grin I haven't gron
At frocks the rain has wotten
On pretty girls I've potten.

If you can dream and say you've dreamt
And if you freeze you're frozen
Why can't I say that frost has gleamt
On icy fields where crows have screamt
And winter winds have whozen?
Why don't I say I've snozen?

Since you can sit and say you've sat
And rise and say you've risen
I'd like to speak of drinks I've splat
And tell of times when care has flat
Away quite unsurmisen
But no I'd be chastisen.

Perhaps you think (perhaps I've thought)
While writing what I've written
I link for spite these words I've lought
To hoodwink some. But who'se hoodwought
And who I ask is spitten
By what I've just inditten.

SECTION XV

MUCH IN LITTLE —
EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND
VIGNETTES

THOUGHT

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I AM not poor, but I am proud,
 Of one inalienable right,
 Above the envy of the crowd,—
 Thought's holy light.
 Better it is than gems or gold,
 And oh! it cannot die,
 But thought will glow when the sun grows cold,
 And mix with Deity.

A FARM PICTURE

By WALT WHITMAN

THROUGH the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
 A sun-lit pasture field, with cattle and horses feeding;
 And haze, and vista, and the far horizon, fading away.

THE EARTH

(Old English Tombstone)

THE earth goeth on the earth
 Glistening like gold;
 The earth goeth to the earth
 Sooner than it wold;
 The earth builds on the earth
 Castles and towers;
 The earth says to the earth:
 All shall be ours.

Wold—old form of "would".

A REPLY

By MATTHEW PRIOR

SIR, I admit your general rule
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

FIRST SLEEP

(Anonymous)

Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose.
Strange! his first sleep should be his last repose.

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE

By JOHN DRYDEN

Here lies my wife. Here let her lie.
Now she's at rest. And so am I.

THE STERN PARENT

By CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM

FATHER heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard."

LORD FINCHLEY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

LORD FINCHLEY tried to mend the Electric Light
Himself.

It struck him dead: And serve him right!
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.

THE LAMB

By OGDEN NASH

LITTLE gamboling lamb,
Do you know where you am?
In a patch of mint.
I'll give you a hint:
Scram,
Lamb!

SAD RESULTS OF THINKING

(Anonymous)

A CENTIPEDE was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Not knowing how to run!

LIMERICK

(Anonymous)

THERE was a young lady of Lynn
Who was so excessively thin
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

LIMERICK

(Anonymous)

A YOUNG lady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of fhoir.
Her charm is unique;
She can spique in pure Grique,
And play like a Saint on the lhoir.

LIMERICK

(Anonymous)

A SPINSTER who lived up in Worcester
Had a gift of a vigorous rorcester.
But it crowed and it crowed
In her humble abowed—
Which was more than the spinster was uorcester.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

SECTION I.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE OLD WORLD

Page 2.

TAM O' SHANTER: Retell the story in modern English as Tam o' Shanter might have told it, in four sections: At the inn on market night; The journey homeward; The witches revel in the church; The chase.

Page 9.

JOHN GILPIN: What are some of the things which make the poet say—

"And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see."?

Write a paragraph showing that the Gilpins would be pleasant people to know.

Page 16.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN: Write a phrase summarizing each verse paragraph, so that the whole series of phrases make up a coherent plan of the poem; suitable phrases for the first three paragraphs might be: Hamelin and its rat plague; The astonishing depredations of the rats; The towns-people's demand for action from the town council.

List several examples of each of the following things which help to make this an effective poem: picturesque details, similes, unusual rhymes, passages where the sound suits the sense, sudden climaxes, repetitions.

Page 25.

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT: Note as many examples as you can find where a humorous effect is achieved by placing side by side things from the medieval and the modern world, e.g., The elaborate medieval Norman names of the guests followed by the modern expression, "Their cards said, 'Dinner precisely at one'."

What other morals could you deduce from this story besides those given by the author? Why is it humorous to fix any moral to this story?

Page 37.

SIR BRANDAN: Compare the rhythm and rhyme and pattern of this medieval tale with those of "The Lay of St. Cuthbert" and try to say why each is appropriate for the effect desired.

Page 39.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT: In what way are the pictures in part one suited to the concluding sentence of this section. What contrast is there between the pictures of life presented in the first two sections and the picture built up in section three to justify the comment The Lady makes at the end of section two? What feeling does the poet try to arouse by the pictures in the last section? What truths for modern times are there in this medieval story?

Page 44.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY: How would you know, even if it were not for the phrase, "A story so merry", that this story must end happily? Why is the ending satisfactory?

Page 48.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL: Why doesn't the author say what happened to Bonnie George Campbell?

Page 49.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR: What similarity of point can you see between this poem and "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury"? What truth to human nature does the story contain?

Page 52.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL: What facts does the author give about the mother and her sons? Why are stanzas two and three so effective in relation to the facts given in stanza one? How does the description of Martinmas fit in with the rest of the story? What does stanza six tell the reader about the sons? Who does not know what the reader knows? What sort of picture of the mother is given by stanzas seven and eight? Why is it right, both from the way the poem is constructed and from the nature of the situation, for the cock's crowing to come so suddenly? What sort of feeling does the repetition of "Fare well" give you? Why does the youngest son say farewell to these three particular things? Why is the detail in the last line of the story a very effective one for the point of the story?

SECTION II.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NEW WORLD

Page 56.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE: Compare the poem and the version of the poem given in the note and try to say why the poet, if he knew the proper details, chose to alter them. What circumstances and details in the poem make it impressive and in keeping with "the fate of a nation"?

Page 60.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE: How does the Deacon display his logic? Why is he a suitable person to apply thorough logic to chaise building? The poet refuses to go any further than "logic is logic" in extracting a moral from the story; what further moral is there in it?

Page 63.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE: Why is the ending of this poem very suitable? What true characteristics of the scene and of the people of early Yukon days has the poet set down in this poem? How many beats are there in each line? After which beat is there always a pause? What other rhymes occur regularly besides those at the end of each line? At the end of what beats do they come? What is there in the way of plot, description, people, language, rhythm, rhyme, etc., to make the poems of R. W. Service (of which

"The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Ballad of Hard Luck Henry" are very typical) some of the most widely-liked of modern poems.

Page 69.

THE KLONDIKE MINER: What sorrows has this man which Sam McGee doesn't mention? In what way is the humour of the two poems similar?

Page 70

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS: The simple language of Truthful James depends largely for its effect on its being the language of understatement. Quote passages where James is conspicuously understating the facts.

Page 72.

DE STOVE PIPE HOLE: What do you learn of Quebec habitant life from this poem? In what ways is the poem typical of many other types of life besides that of the habitant?

Page 75.

CASEY AT THE BAT: What are the circumstances which come before and focus so much attention on "Casey, mighty Casey" at the end of line five? How does Casey afterwards justify the description of him and his effect on the crowd as described in stanza five? What effect is gained by Casey's passing up two strikes? What does it show about Casey himself? Why is the crowd so demonstrative? How does the author get an effect of doom in stanzas eleven and twelve? In spite of this foreshadowing of doom, what does the last line of stanza twelve lead you to think? Name two ways in which the effect of the last half line of the poem is heightened by not being stated as the last line of stanza twelve.

Page 77.

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL: How do the first nine stanzas tend to make you feel towards "The Mountain Whippoorwill". What circumstances make his entrance to the contest an effective one?

Why is the order of fiddlers, Tom Sargent, Jimmy Weezer "the ruck of bobtail fiddlers" and Dan Wheeling, a good one? What difference is there between the fiddling of the first two? What idea is effectively introduced during Dan Wheeling's fiddling, which is not present during the others? How does it help the story? What helps the "Whippoorwill" not to become "fazed"? What do the pictures in the long paragraph describing his fiddling make you feel about it? How should these lines be read to get the most effect? What tribute does the crowd pay the Whippoorwill that they pay no one else? How does old Dan show his generosity?

Sections entitled TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE OLD WORLD and TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Write a composition comparing the Old World and the New World tales, as to subject matter, setting, language, effect.

SECTION III. POEMS OF CONFLICT

Page 84.

HORATIUS: In what ways are Lars Porsena and his men made to seem very formidable? What motive prompts Horatius to make his offer? What is felt as more important than individual life at this point? Name three other places in the story where this is brought out. In one word state the theme of the poem. How is the entrance of Astur made impressive? What sort of feelings does he arouse? What is Horatius' mood after killing him? What effect does his death have on the Tuscans? Why is it good for the effect of the story that Herminius and Spurius Lartius should escape? How is the description of the river effective after the destruction of the bridge? What effect does Horatius' bravery have on the enemy? Who is the exception? Why?

Page 100.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS: In what ways is the theme of this poem the same as that of "Horatius?" Name some circumstances which make the soldier's fate pathetic, and one which makes it glorious.

Page 102.

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR: How do the rhythm and rhyme of this poem contribute to its effect?

Page 103.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE: Tell in your own words the story of Dundee and his followers, trying to get into your story the spirit you feel to be in the poem.

Page 109.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE: What things make this a sad poem?

Page 110.

HOHENLINDEN: Name some of the effective contrasts you see in this?

Page 111.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL: What admirable qualities does the hero display?

Page 113.

IN PRISON: How does the rest of this poem sustain the impression created by the first line? Is this a suitable impression for a poem so entitled? What feeling about the prisoner's fate is created by the last four lines?

Page 113.

DUNKIRK by Robert Nathan: Write a comparison of this and "THE MASTER OF THE SCUD" by Bliss Carman (*Poems of the Sea*), with the particular idea of bringing out the similarities and differences in the heroes of the two poems.

Page 116.

DUNKIRK by E. J. Pratt: What do you notice about the construction of this poem? What line does this construction place a very great emphasis on? Why is that effective? How long will Dunkirk be a "symbol for the soul"?

Page 117.

HIGH FLIGHT: What things in this poem make you feel the author loved flying? What feeling about flying is he trying to communicate in the first eleven lines? What change of feeling is there in the last three lines?

Page 118.

CAPTAIN COLIN P. KELLY, JR.: With what birds is the hero of this poem compared? Why? What are the Japanese carrier-planes compared to? What do you notice about the language of the poem, particularly at the end of stanzas two and three, and in the final single line? Why do you think the poet chose such words? Mark the beats of the fifth and sixth lines of stanza three and try if you can see how the rhythm helps the sense.

SECTION IV.
THE SEA

Page 120.

JOHN WINTER: State in a sentence the theme of this poem. What contrasts in the first five stanzas provide the background for this theme? How does John Winter leave his home? Why is his action justified? Is this a complete justification?

Page 122.

THE JERVIS BAY GOES DOWN: What sort of impression of the ship and her captain is created in the first two sections? What impression is created by the repetition of the phrase "South of Singapore"? With what is it in strong contrast? If you have read "The Last Fight of the Revenge" by Lord Tennyson, what similarities do you find between Captain Fogarty Feegan and Sir Richard Grenville? What sort of a man besides a brave fighter is Captain Feegan? What nationality does his name suggest? What is it about England that this American author thinks is worthy of such sacrifices as are made in this poem?

Page 129.

SPANISH WATERS: What things are there in "Spanish Waters" to make them ring in the ears "like a slow sweet piece of music"? What things are calculated to do just the opposite? How does the man who is speaking compare with the sailors of Treasure Island? Show the similarity between "Spanish Waters" and "Luck"?

Page 131.

LUCK: Why should the sailor call such a life "lucky"? What does it suggest about the man himself? How far is this a true picture of a sailor's life?

Page 135.

THE SEA: Whose point of view about the sea is presented in this poem by Lewis Carroll? What would be a truer title than "*The Sea*" for this poem?

Sections entitled *CONFLICT* and *THE SEA*: In several poems in these Sections the influence of tradition is strongly emphasized. Just what is the tradition and what is the influence of that tradition in the poems "The Jervis Bay Goes Down," the two poems on "Dunkirk," and "The Private of the Buffs"?

SECTION V. THE OUTDOORS

Page 138.

DAVID: This poem has been described as a "cruel" poem. What do you see in it to justify this verdict?

The real story begins at section VII. Read it carefully a few times and state in your own words just what happened, answering the following questions in your story: What sort of country was it round the Finger on Sawback? What sort of mood was David in? By just what method did they finally get to the summit of the Finger? Just what was the cause of the accident? Exactly where does David fall to? What is below him and how far? What did he wish for after his fall? Whom did he blame? What lie did Bob tell David? Why? Why did David not want to live? What is his last word to his friend? What is Bob's fear as he goes back to the camp? In what state of mind is he by the time he reaches camp? Why is he glad to fall and hurt himself? Why does he not tell exactly what happened? What is the effect of this mountaineering tragedy on Bob?

What elements of nobility as well as horror or cruelty are there in the story? What is the purpose of the first six sections of the poem? What thing is a symbol of mountain tragedy at the first sight of the Finger? What various types of mountaineering experience are conveyed in the first six sections? Which of these experiences are delightful and which are not? Can you make out any pattern of rhyme in this poem?

Page 145.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY and WINTER NIGHTFALL: Compare these poems. Which has the more intense effect of sadness?

Page 147.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN: What sort of feeling about late Autumn is the poet trying to convey? Is it a true feeling?

Page 148.

BARNYARD'S SOUTHERLY CORNER: How does the season differ in this poem from "When the Frost is on the Punkin"? In what ways are these two poems very similar? To what senses and with what objects do the two poems appeal? Which sense is strongly appealed to by J. W. Riley, which is hardly suggested by C. G. D. Roberts?

Page 149.

TEMAGAMI: Pick out six words or phrases which convey the essence of the impression the author leaves in this poem?

Page 150.

VIOLET AND OAK: What figure of speech runs through this poem and presents these two things in an unusual aspect?

Section entitled THE OUTDOORS: Of the poems in this section which are the most attractive, those which present scenes where the influence of man is very prominent, or those which present scenes where man seems small or out of place?

SECTION VI. PIONEERING

Page 152.

THE OREGON TRAIL, 1851 and WESTERN WAGONS: What predominant feeling about pioneering is established in the first five lines of "The Oregon Trail"? List a dozen expressions in the remainder of this poem which sustain this impression. What is the motive for this westward migration? Name five different attitudes or characteristics which the pioneers are represented, directly or indirectly, as having in this poem? What characteristics of the pioneers and of the trail are the same in "Western Wagons" as in "The Oregon Trail"?

Page 155.

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE: Name two ways in which the sound of this poem contrives to give a different feeling about pioneering from that which the two previous poems give. List the similes and metaphors in this poem and try to say in what ways they are suitable to the subject matter.

Page 158.

STARVING TO DEATH ON A GOVERNMENT CLAIM: This poem gets its effect largely by employing irony. How many instances of ironical statement can you find in this poem? What aspects of homesteading as presented here strike you as being typical of earlier days and what aspects strike you as still being typical today?

Page 160.

THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT: What emotion does the poet feel at the sight of the deserted hut in summer? What things are there about the hut at other seasons which to some extent fit in with this feeling? Do the actions, feelings and thoughts of the woodcutter seem to be in harmony with his hut, with nature, with the woodland creatures? Illustrate this harmony if you can. Name definite things about this poem which you feel from your own experience of similar forest cabins, are true and vivid. In what way do the long lines contribute to the total effect of this poem?

SECTION VII. PEOPLE

Page 164 and 165.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH and JIM BLUDSO: In what ways are these poems enough alike to be put next each other in this collection of nine people? How do they differ from each other? Who is supposed to be telling the story of Jim Bludso? In what ways do the people who tell the stories of these two men differ greatly? How do their attitudes towards their respective subjects differ? How are the differences reflected in the form of the poems? What similarity is there in form between the two?

Page 167 and 168.

THE DYING HOGGER and THE SICK STOCK-RIDER: What points of similarity can you see between these poems? Write a paragraph or two on an Australian cattle station in early days, not bringing in the names of people in this poem, and trying to make this life seem attractive, as it seems to the stock-rider.

Page 171.

GOLIATH: Read the account of David and Goliath in the Bible. What points in the story have fired the poet's imagination in this poem? What three characteristics of Goliath are brought out by the simile in line one? Show how these characteristics are developed all through the remainder of the poem. Does the poet add any other characteristic later on which are not hinted at in line one? If so are they in keeping with the first impression? How does the form contribute to the total effect of this poem?

Page 172.

FORGETFUL PA: What has made this a widely read poem?

Page 174.

ANTHONY CRUNDLE: What is the fifth line of each stanza of this poem? What sort of poems generally have such stanza endings? Why is it unusual here? Is it suitable here? If so, why? State in general terms (not mentioning Anthony Crundle) the four things about life and death which make, in the poet's view, R.I.P. a very suitable and happy epitaph for anyone.

Page 175.

OLD SUSAN: Pick out the two effectively contrasting phrases from different lines of this poem which seem to you to sum up the poet's impression of her.

SECTION VIII.

ANIMALS

Page 178.

THE FAWN IN THE SNOW: What is the predominant feeling the poet has for this animal? What circumstances make this a feeling the reader can easily share? What two qualities in the winter scene make the poet use several images of jewellery to describe it? Where does the poet feel the fawn ought to be? Does the concluding stanza suggest this wish will be fulfilled?

Page 179.

THE RUNAWAY: In what way is the feeling of the poet similar to the feeling of the author towards the fawn in the preceding selection? What circumstances are similar? Why is the feeling less intense? With what other feeling is it mingled?

Page 180.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING: What idea of the relationship between the man and his horse do you get from this poem? Notice the rhyme pattern and suggest a reason for its use. Does the repetition of the last line merely emphasize the plain fact, or does it suggest that there may be a second meaning to the line?

Page 181.

THE LITTLE PONY: How many different verbs does the poet use to convey the intense excitement of the pony? What other words besides the verbs convey a sense of action? What poetic device is used several times to enforce this sense of action? State in a sentence or two the general reasons for the pony's activity which the various questions in the poem suggest.

THE BULL: What other impression of the tropical forest do you get in this poem besides its beauty? What things about the bull suggest he is a rightful part of this tropical world? Why is it right that the bull should meet the doom he does?

Page 184, 185 and 186.

THE CAPTIVE LION, THE RABBIT, THE DUMB WORLD and A CHILD'S PET: These four poems by W. H. Davies express much the same feelings towards animals as "The Bull" and "The Fawn in the Snow" do; how are the circumstances in these four radically different from the circumstances in the other two? Why is "The Captive Lion" an ironical poem? Show how the forms of "The Captive Lion" and "The Rabbit" are suitable to their subjects. What sort of picture of human beings do these poems of Davies' suggest? Is the picture a fair one?

Page 187.

FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB: With what person in the Section "People" has the dog, Fidele, most in common?

Page 189.

A NARROW FELLOW IN THE GRASS: What expressions in this poem indicate a close observation of the "fellow" and a vivid rendering of

feelings towards him? What does the use of the word "fellow" seem to indicate about the poet's desire towards this "fellow"? Is this a typical woman's poem?

SECTION IX. THE COALFIELDS

Page 191 and 192.

SNUG IN MY EASY CHAIR and THE BROTHERS: On the basis of these two poems, write a composition comparing coal from the view point of a miner and coal from the view point of a person sitting in an easy chair before a blazing coal fire.

SECTION X. NEGRO SONGS AND STORIES

Page 198 to 210.

Nearly all these negro poems, whether by negro poets or white poets, have a strain of sadness in them. Indicate some of the causes of sadness in "THE SLAVE'S DREAM", "THE CONGO", "GO DOWN DEATH", "WHIPPOORWILL" and "WEARY BLUES".

What in "The Slave's Dream", "The Congo" and "Go Down Death" is a compensation for the sadness?

Where else is the same thing dwelt on, but not to compensate for sadness?

What element is missing in the poems of the two most modern negro writers, Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes, which almost all the other poems have?

What attitudes of negroes towards whites and whites towards negroes are suggested in the poems "I Too" and "TABLEAU"?

How are the conceptions of the next world and God's relation to this one similar in the two negro sermons "DE GLORY ROAD" and "Go Down Death"?

State briefly the theme of "The Congo" in such a way as to show it is a suitable poem for a memorial to a Congo Missionary. These

two sermons and "The Congo" in particular are meant to be read aloud. Try reading them aloud, paying attention to the directions for reading given by the author, and trying to bring out the feeling that you think is intended.

SECTION XI.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

Page 212.

HEAVEN: Do you consider the Paradises of the various nationalities mentioned in this poem to be such as would suit those peoples? Try to construct couplets giving the heaven of Eskimos, Italians, Spaniards, Jews, Mexicans, Russians, Chinese, or alternative couplets about the nationalities the poet mentions. Note that each couplet in the original is slightly different in form from the others.

Page 212.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS: Who is the speaker in this poem? Of whom is the speaker speaking? Where is the speaker? What details of the place are given? What are the various feelings of the speaker?

Page 213.

MONEY and THE RICH MAN: Which of these poems strikes you as being most sincere? Why? Note carefully the wording and phrasing and structure of the two poems in deciding this point.

Page 214.

THE GOOSE: State in your own words the moral of this poem.

Page 216.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT: What proverbs can you find which say the same thing as this fable? To what human situations could you apply them?

Page 217.

THE TRUTH: What sort of consistency does the author condemn in this poem, and what sort of inconsistency does he praise? What kind of person does the poet of this and the following poem seem to be?

Page 218.

HAMMERS: What effect does the poet achieve by his constant repetition?

Page 218.

AMBITION: Why are the last lines of each stanza of this poem effective? Is the old chief wholly deceived in his views? Can you name other ways in which the Indians foolishly imitated the white man in their early contacts with him?

Page 219.

TWO TRAMPS IN MUD TIME: What are some of the reasons the poet likes his wood chopping for? What else does he obviously like besides wood chopping? Why do the two tramps wish to chop wood? With what reservation does the poet accept their reason as better? What expressions seem to indicate a resentment on the part of the poet? What is the better solution of the problem that the poet would like to see? Can you think of any persons, famous or otherwise, whom the last stanza fits?

Page 221.

THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN: Are these men entirely failures?

Page 222 and 223.

TOMORROW and NINIUM FORTUNATUS: What situation has the poet of "Tomorrow" chosen as a symbol of defeat? What is meant by saying the situation is a symbol of defeat when it is an actual picture of defeat? What characteristics of good description have the pictures in these two poems in common?

SECTION XII.

CHRISTMAS

Page 225 to 230.

Five people, two modern twentieth century poets, de la Mare and Masfield, a woman living in the reign of Queen Victoria and two anonymous poets, one living in the White Mountains of New England a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, and one living in old England five or six hundred years ago, have all been moved in various ways by the beauty, the pathos, or the promise of the Christmas story.

What is the main feeling that Mr. Masfield's poem gives you? List a dozen expressions which help to give that feeling. How do vowels and consonants help to create the atmosphere of the poem?

Mr. de la Mare makes use of contrasts throughout his poem. State three of these contrasts. Which contrast do you think contains the heart of the poem? Where does Mr. de la Mare achieve the same effect as Mr. Masfield?

Stanza one, stanzas two, three and four, and stanza five are three logical little divisions of Christina Rossetti's poem. Try to show by summarizing briefly each division that there is a logical development of thought in this poem.

What vivid similarities are there between Miss Rossetti's poem and "THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FOLK SONG"? Why is the refrain of the latter effective? Point out something in each stanza which is in harmony with the refrain.

What things in the Christmas story have touched the imagination, both of the medieval poet and of Christina Rossetti.

What device which Mr. de la Mare uses does the unknown poet also use effectively throughout his poem? Give instances from each part of "THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL". How are the conclusions of "BEFORE DAWN" and "The Cherry-Tree Carol" alike? What do you notice about line two of nearly every stanza of part one of "The Cherry-Tree Carol"?

SECTION XIII.

HUMOUR

Page 232 to 247.

To say just why something makes you laugh is often very hard, but examining a poem to see why it is humorous is rather more satisfactory than taking a watch apart to see what makes it tick, for though you may not discover anything, you still have the poem

intact at the end of your examination. Here are some of the things which help to make these poems funny. What examples can you discover of parody, nonsense arranged so as to seem very logical, understatement, exaggeration, "dead-pan" humour or matter-of-fact statement of tremendous events, unusual rhymes, anti-climax, contrasts, puns?

SECTION XIV. SOUND AND SENSE

Page 249.

TARANTELLA: What various body movements and sounds does the poet imitate by his rhythms and language in the first section? What general effect is conveyed by the second section? How do rhythm, rhyme, and onomatopœia (suiting of sound to sense) help to achieve this effect?

Page 250.

HOW THE WATERS COME DOWN AT LODORE: What general effect is achieved by the progression from two beats, to three, and finally to four beats in a line in this poem? Apart from this general effect what other motions of the water has this poet attempted to imitate?

Page 252.

JAZZ FANTASIA: Find instances of the following sound effects in the poem; alliteration, onomatopœia, quick and slow phrasing. What other method, beside sound effects, does the poet use effectively to get a feeling of sound?

Page 252.

ENGLISH PERVERSIFICATION: Explain the term "perversification" (which is a word coined by the poet). For purposes of comparison and to make sure you thoroughly understand the poet's "perversification" substitute the proper English verb forms for the ones the poet has created. Try making up another stanza on the same pattern using other irregular English verbs. Notice the number of beats in each line, the rhyme pattern, and the two types of rhyme, double and single.

SECTION XV.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Page 255 to 258.

What is meant by an "epigram" and a "vignette".

Put one or two of these poems, e.g., "THOUGHT" or "FIRST SLEEP" into your own words, taking care to put down all the meaning that the poet has expressed, and so realize how these poems do pack "much in little".

Try a sea picture, a mountain picture, a city picture, or pictures of luxury, contentment, poverty or gloom, in three such lines as "A FARM PICTURE".

What is meant by the first "earth" in the first three parts of the old English tombstone inscription, and the second "earth" in the fourth part.

Why is a mint patch a bad place for a lamb to stay?

Note the pattern of the limerick, and try constructing limericks with these first lines: "There was a young girl from Vancouver"; "A musical lad from Regina"; "A bearded prospector from Dawson"; "A smart city slicker from York".

Exams - Easter.

2 verses - Horatius

all of "High Flight"

